

MAY
1958

Catholic Digest

35¢

Cardinal Mindszenty

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QUINN

A Question of Religion

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Early in February the Bureau of the Census released a report on religious affiliation based on a sample of 35,000 households. Without going into the complexities of it, one may accept the figures with confidence. They reveal that 79 million people (over 14 years old) are Protestant; 30.7 million are Catholic; 3.9 million are Jewish. (The complete eight-page report can be had for a dime from the Bureau of the Census, Washington 25, D. C.)

The question asked was "What is your religion?" and the answers were voluntary. Only 3% said they had no religion. That means 97% of the people of these United States have a religion. Some of you may recall that THE CATHOLIC DIGEST made a similar survey back in 1952. We asked 128 questions instead of only one. We found that only 1% of those interviewed did not believe in the existence of God. In making our survey we found little reluctance on the part of people to answer questions about religion.

The Bureau of the Census, having made this test sample and an earlier regional one, decided not to ask any question on religion in the 1960 census. But such a question, while being most useful to religious groups, would be almost as useful to others. The Census bureau itself said it would be useful to business, welfare, education, research, and to housing and planning groups.

The reason given by the bureau for omitting the question on religion was that it feared a number of persons would be reluctant to answer if the reply were mandatory, whereas they were not reluctant when the answer was voluntary.

Objectors to the question said it would violate the separation of Church and State and the privacy of conscience.

Religious groups have fairly well demonstrated that they are not afraid of facts, that they want the truth and are willing to follow truth wherever it may lead. Guardians of the wall of separation of Church and State seem determined that the truth shall not be known. They say the question leaps over the wall.

On the other hand, some of the "guardians of the wall" have not hesitated to propose that political candidates for the presidency be forced to answer questions about their religion *publicly*.

The violation of privacy hardly applies to a question on religion. Anyone who has a religion and who denies it or refuses to profess it when asked is in violation of the basic tenet of all religions. He *ipso facto* makes himself an apostate. That is why there is little or no reluctance to answer a question on religion. In social relations it is not considered boorish to ask a person's religion, while the question "What is your income?" is the height of boorishness. Yet the government asks that question every year.

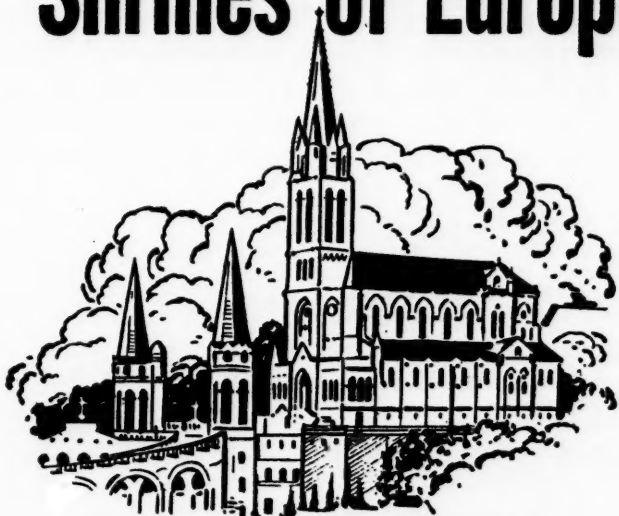
Who are the objectors? According to the New York Times (13 Dec. '57), the principal objectors are the American Civil Liberties Union; the American Jewish Congress (which does not speak for all Jews in the U. S.); and a few Christian Science groups.

If the question is not asked in 1960, we shall not be able to try again until the next federal census, in 1970. A question in the 1960 census would probably reveal what the sample indicated: that 96% of 172,327,000 people have a religion. This reveals these United States as practically completely religious. It confronts atheistic communism with theistic Americanism squarely and factually.

If those who object would withdraw their objection, the Bureau of the Census would probably include the question in 1960.

What to do? I shouldn't advise you to write to the Bureau of the Census (unless you want the report) because they have been more than open-minded. I should, though, suggest that you write to the American Civil Liberties Union (170 5th Ave., New York City 10) and the American Jewish Congress (15 E. 84th St., New York City 28) with great courtesy and charity, to ask them, for the good of both Church and State, to withdraw their objections.

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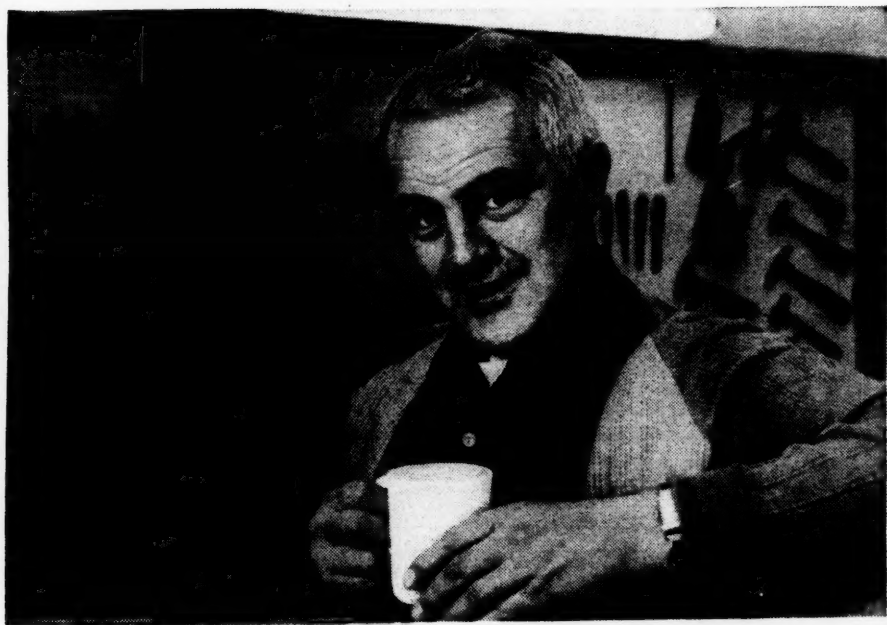
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Cover Painting by Edward F. Quinn
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Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Second-class mail privileges authorized at St. Paul, Minn. Copyright 1958 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

Send Subscriptions to this address:

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ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.

BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest and Ecclesia, Ploegstraat 23, Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Visier, Rokin 60, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herentalstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

BRaille EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15, \$10 a year.

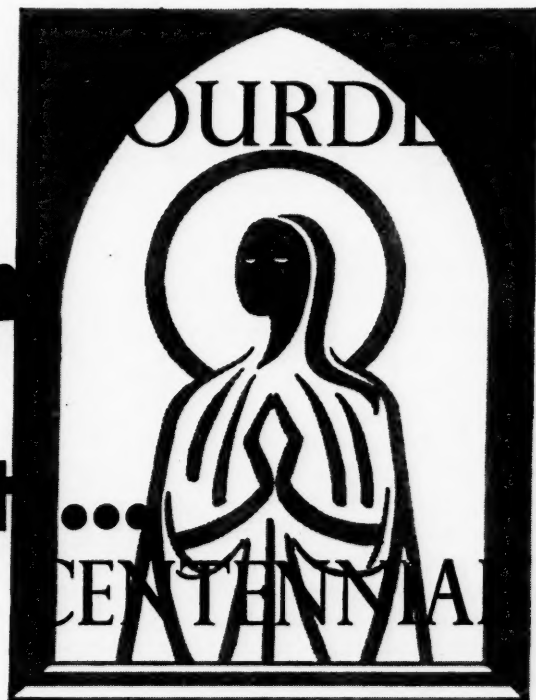
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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling: virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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Absolution at Gettysburg

Of the men who knelt to receive it, hundreds would be killed, wounded, or missing before sunset

THE IRISH BRIGADE was in position on the left center of the Union line along Cemetery Ridge, near the little town called Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. It was about 4 o'clock in the hot afternoon of the second day of the battle that began July 1, 1863.

The brigade had not yet gone into action. They had marched 240 miles in 14 days, with rifle and pack, and now they were gratefully taking it easy in the shade. But they knew their breathing spell could not last much longer.

Their division, Caldwell's, in Hancock's corps, the 2nd, had reached the field at dawn that morning, coming in from Taneytown, Md. All day long General Meade, promoted only four days before to supreme command of the Army of the Potomac, had waited for Lee to resume the offensive.

Veterans of nearly two years' hard fighting (Fair Oaks, the Seven Days, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville), the men of the Irish Brigade had learned patience. The fighting always came soon enough. Meanwhile, a soldier would make



himself as comfortable as he could.

From the Union-held ridge, the men could look across a broad stretch of sunny farmland to another ridge, where the Confederates were deployed.

Off to the left, in a shallow depression, were a field of wheat and a peach orchard. That was no man's land, neutral territory that neither side could occupy without running the risk of annihilation.

But even as they watched, Sickles' 3rd Corps, the left anchor of the Union line, left its defensive position and advanced toward the peach orchard. Anybody could see that the move meant trouble. Both Sickles'

flanks were now unprotected, and he had left a wide gap in the Union defense. Troops would have to move up to support Sickles and to close the breach.

Sykes' 5th Corps, by Meade's order, went out to the rescue, as the Confederates pounced fiercely for the kill. Then a mounted staff officer galloped up to General Hancock, commanding the 2nd Corps, near where the Irish Brigade waited.

Hancock listened quietly, and turned to one of his generals. "Caldwell," he said, "get your division ready."

That meant action. There were four brigades in Caldwell's command: Zook's, Cross's, Brooke's, and Kelly's Irish (formerly Meagher's). They took their rifles, fell in, uncased their battle flags.

Of the four brigade commanders, two, Zook and Cross, would be dead within an hour. Of the men now lining up, one third would be killed, wounded, or missing before sunset. Sixty-five per cent of the heavy casualties on the Union side at Gettysburg were suffered between 4 P. M. and nightfall on the second day. That was how savagely they fought for victory that summer afternoon.

The Irish Brigade would go into battle, as they always did, behind their colors, Old Glory and the brigade flag, green with a golden Irish harp in its center. (There is a story, dating from McClellan's campaign of 1862 on the Yorktown peninsula, of a Confederate officer following

through his field glasses the relentless advance of Union troops against the Southern breastworks. "Oh, Lord," he said, "here comes that damned green flag again!")

But now, before the columns move down into the valley of death, there is a pause. A man in the uniform of a captain of cavalry is climbing to the top of a huge boulder. The men recognize him. It is Father William Corby, chaplain of the brigade, the only Catholic chaplain on the field of Gettysburg that day.

St. Clair Mulholland, Catholic colonel of the 116th Pennsylvania, part of the Irish Brigade, recalled later what followed: "Addressing the men, Father Corby explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of a general absolution by making a sincere Act of Contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins; urging them to do their duty well; and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought.

"The brigade was standing at 'order arms,' and as he closed his address, every man fell on his knees, with head bowed down. Then, stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the Latin words of the general absolution, '*Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat*: May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you; and I by his authority absolve you from every

bond of excommunication and interdict, as far as I am able, and you have need. Moreover, I absolve you of your sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

"The scene," Mulholland continued, in his speech 25 years later, "was more than impressive; it was awe-inspiring. Nearby stood Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant array of officers. While there was profound silence in the ranks of the 2nd Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed, Vincent, and Hazlett were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisles. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. That heart would be incorrigible indeed that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

Father Corby himself described the scene in his *Memoirs of Chaplain Life*, published in 1893, after he had been twice president of Notre Dame university (1866-1872 and 1877-1881). This is what he recalled. "In performing this ceremony, I faced the army. My eye covered thousands of officers and men. I noticed that all, Catholic and non-Catholic, officers and private soldiers, showed a profound respect, wishing at this fatal crisis to receive every

benefit of divine grace that could be imparted through the instrumentality of the Church ministry. Even Major General Hancock removed his hat, and, as far as compatible with the situation, bowed in reverential devotion.

"That general absolution was intended for all—in *quantum possum*—not only for our brigade, but for all, North or South, who were susceptible for it and who were about to appear before their Judge. Let us hope that many thousands of souls, purified by hardships, fasting, prayer, and blood, met a favorable sentence on the ever memorable battlefield of Gettysburg."

After the failure of Pickett's charge on the third day, and Lee's withdrawal on the fifth day, the Union army pursued the Confederates. "About a week after the battle," Father Corby reports, "a captain, a non-Catholic, rode up to me, and after an introduction by a friend, said, 'Chaplain, I would like to know more about your religion. I was present on that awful day, July 2, when you made a prayer, and while I have often witnessed ministers make prayers, I never witnessed one so powerful as the one you made that day in front of Hancock's corps just as the ball opened with 120 guns blazing at us.'

"I could not but admire his candid, outspoken manner, and I gave him an invitation to call on me in camp, when I would take pleasure in giving him all the information in my

power. One good result of the Civil War was the removing of a great amount of prejudice. When men stand in common danger, a fraternal feeling springs up between them and generates a Christian, charitable sentiment that often leads to most excellent results."

Not only religious prejudices but racial and national prejudices inherited from the Old World were softened by the years of war between 1861 and 1865. They did not entirely disappear, but no riots and church burnings on the scale of the Know-Nothing violence in the 1840's would happen again. On both sides, North and South, the courage, patriotism and devotion to duty of recent immigrants made a profound impression on the millions of other Americans who served with them.

Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, for example, had been in this country only nine years when the war's first shot was fired against Fort Sumter. At the age of 25, Meagher had been a leader of the Young Ireland movement in 1848. He had been condemned to death for high treason, but his sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment in Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania) off the southern coast of Australia. He escaped in 1852, and made his way to New York City, where he was admitted to the bar in 1855. His romantic and revolutionary past, his warm personality, and his great talent as an orator made him a magnet for Irish-American aspirations.

When the Civil War broke out, he raised a company of recruits for the 69th New York and, as a captain, led them at the first Battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861. He then went back to New York and organized the Irish Brigade, of which he became the commanding general in February, 1862.

The brigade was composed of the 63rd, 69th, and 88th New York regiments; the 28th Massachusetts; and the 116th Pennsylvania. Almost all the officers and men were Catholics. At no time during the Civil War, as Father Corby notes, was the brigade without a priest. Soldiers from other outfits in the Army of the Potomac always knew where to go whenever they were looking for a Catholic chaplain.

Brigadier General Meagher himself set an example that his chaplains approved. "He was," says Father Corby, "strong in his faith, which he never concealed, but, on the contrary, published it aboveboard; and, wherever he went, he made himself known as a 'Catholic and an Irishman.' He was well instructed in his religion, and I should have pitied the one who had the temerity to speak disparagingly of it in his presence.

"Although not what we would call a pious man, he loved his faith, and assisted in making religion take a front rank. He would make elaborate preparations for the celebration of St. Patrick's day, organizing steeplechases, hurdle races, and so

on, but in the morning all attended Mass and listened to the sermon. He, in person, acted as master of ceremonies, directing the band when to play during the divine service."

In September, 1864, to celebrate the third anniversary of the Irish Brigade, General Meagher organized a solemn high military Mass, something of a feat in view of the shortage of chaplains. The army then lay along the James, in the very midst of the terrible losses under Grant in the summer of '64. Meagher, who had been transferred out of the brigade before Gettysburg, took charge of the musical and military arrangements. Father Corby and Father Gillen, both from Notre Dame, and Father Ouellet, from Fordham, officiated at the simple altar, in the presence of Generals Hancock, Miles, Berney, Gibbon, Mott, De Trobriand—most of them non-Catholics, but friends and admirers of Meagher and his gallant Irishmen.

Father Corby was then just short of 31. He had been born in Detroit in 1833, the son of a prosperous physician. He entered Notre Dame in 1853, and the novitiate of the Holy Cross Fathers one year later. He was ordained in 1860. Apart from his service in the Civil War, he spent his whole priestly life in the field of education. He died in 1897, and Notre Dame put up a statue of the old hero.

After the war, he helped organize a veterans' post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Notre Dame, the

only post known where every member belonged to a Religious Congregation. These veterans had a lot to talk over, but none could relate stranger incidents than Corby's stories of the Irish Brigade.

There had been the day the brigade suffered its cruelest losses at Fredericksburg, in that bitter, cold December of 1862, when they failed gloriously in the attempt to storm Marye's Heights. That was when Meagher and his men wore in their caps a sprig of boxwood, the only green they could find in the gardens of Fredericksburg. That day, the Confederates behind the stone wall were the men of Cobb's Legion, mostly Irish like themselves, but from Georgia.

And there had been that other absolution under fire, not as solemn and unhurried as the one at Gettysburg, but more reckless.

Let Father Corby tell it: "Finally, we came up to Antietam. . . . Our brigade received orders to go in 'double quick,' that is, on a full run. I gave reign to my horse and let him go at a full gallop till I reached the front of the brigade, and, passing along the line, told the men to make an Act of Contrition. As they were coming toward me 'double quick,' I had time only to wheel my horse for an instant toward them, and gave my poor men a hasty absolution, and rode on with General Meagher into the battle. In 20 or 30 minutes after this absolution, 506 of these very men lay on the field, either dead or wounded.

"As soon as my men began to fall, I dismounted and began to hear their Confessions on the spot. Every instant bullets whizzed past my head."

The Irish Brigade fought through to the end of the Civil War, enduring terrible losses, but sustaining its high reputation for gallantry. On

many occasions its members impressed their non-Catholic comrades with a new concept of Catholic courage and Catholic patriotism, but never more so than in the simple act of devotion which preceded their advance on the peach orchard at Gettysburg.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I grew up in Germany. During the 2nd World War, all able-bodied men and women not in the armed forces were forced into some other kind of national service. During my school vacations I was sent to the country to work on a farm. The farmer was in the army; his wife was bedridden. The only person aside from myself who was able to work the farm was Joseph, a French prisoner of war.

When I reported for duty, the *Gauleiter* (governor) of the area gave me a pep talk. It was full of commands and prohibitions. The *Gauleiter* was most emphatic in insisting that it was forbidden to talk with prisoners of war, or to treat them with any kindness.

I tried to do what I was told, but working with Joseph day in and day out, I found it impossible not to utter a few words now and then. I couldn't help observing that Joseph was a decent human being. Before long I was chatting with him as a friend, and teaching him German when no one else was within earshot. Sometimes I would mend or press his threadbare clothes. Soon we were sharing the same food at the kitchen table.

One day Joseph and I were harvesting potatoes. The sun shone in a blue sky, birds were singing, and not far off the two draft oxen were grazing in the wooded pasture. The peace of the scene was marred only by the warplanes that occasionally flew overhead. But the farm was near an air base, and we had long ceased to pay them any attention. Suddenly I noticed that a plane seemed to be diving at the farm. Too late I saw the Allied markings; bullets were already spattering around me. Then an arm grabbed me—it was Joseph's. With the speed of lightning he thrust me to the ground, sheltering me with his own body. A bullet struck his arm, but I was unhurt. I realized that I owed my life to the kindness I had shown my friendly enemy.

Mrs. Hildegard Lary.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Who will own the moon?

*International laws need overhauling now
that man has penetrated outer space*

WHO OWNS THE MOON? Nobody, yet, but in the light of recent advances in rocketry, lawyers, scientists, and military men are pondering the question. Their concern extends beyond the moon to outer space.

Secretary of State Dulles has proposed formation of an international commission to insure the peaceful use of outer space. "The time to move is now, in the infancy of this art of penetrating outer space," he says.

The international lawyers are worried not only about the peaceful uses of space but also about legal boundaries and rights of discovery. Dr. Andrew Haley, president of the International Astronautical federation and general counsel of the American Rocket society, maintains that under present circumstances, if the Russians succeeded in flying a manned rocket around the side of the moon which has never been seen by man, they'd have good legal grounds to lay claim to whatever they see. The principle involved is simply the right of discovery.

Dr. Haley insists, however, that

outer space must be internationalized and "mutually controlled" for peaceful purposes. "We shouldn't carry the fatal errors of the last 10,000 years out into space," he says. "It's inconceivable that we should cor-



rupt space as the world has been corrupted by man's ineptitude."

Basic to the problem, of course, is the definition of the border between "air space" and "outer space." Dr. Haley suggests that the West and Russia agree that national sovereignty over "air space" ends at about 52

miles, or about 275,000 feet, up. Reason: at that height it is physically impossible to fly a craft which requires support from the air. Since he developed his ideas for a boundary at the suggestion of rocket expert Dr. Theodore Von Karman, Dr. Haley called his proposed line the Karman Line.

Under present international law, a nation's right to control the skies above it extends as high as there is air. Most authorities agree that the last traces of gas in the earth's atmosphere extend upward to about 190 miles. But Dr. Haley's proposal is based on the "lifting" power of air. At the 275,000-foot mark, the air is so thin that it no longer has the ability to support a winged aircraft.

The line, of course, is only theoretical. Present-day aircraft, both jet and propeller driven, do not cruise higher than 70,000 feet, or about 13 miles. Rockets and satellites, which do not rely on air to sustain their flight, travel beyond the 52-mile Karman Line. Sputnik I, for example, traveled at a height of 570 miles above the earth.

Dr. Haley is only one of many international lawyers working on a practical solution to the age-old question, "How high is the sky?" The International Astronautical federation, for example, has established a committee of three lawyers and four physicists under air-law specialist Dr. John Cobb Cooper to define air space and space jurisdiction.

Dr. Cooper himself has proposed

a three-zone concept of space sovereignty which would be created through an international convention on space law.

First, Dr. Cooper would reaffirm the present international agreement fixing a state's complete control over the atmosphere above it. He proposes to call this area, limited to the 52-mile height where airplanes theoretically could operate, not "air space" but "territorial space."

Then, instead of "outer space," which would have an international character, Dr. Cooper suggests a second area extending about 300 miles above the earth's surface to be known as "contiguous space." In the zone of contiguous space, state sovereignty would still be maintained, but the right of transit through the zone for all nonmilitary rocket and satellite flights would be permitted.

Dr. Cooper's idea is that "outer space" might begin above the 300-mile boundary, and from there up all craft would be allowed the right of free passage.

Besides the practical problem of exercising sovereignty 300 miles up in the sky, there are some other difficulties about Dr. Cooper's suggestions worrying international lawyers. The earth's revolution on its axis and its rotation around the sun, together with the distance of outer space from earth, would make it well nigh impossible for a state to know what is going on within its boundaries in contiguous space, they say.

This school, which includes the

United Nations' legal director, Oscar Schachter, recognizes the need for a boundary between "air space" and "outer space." But its adherents argue that national sovereignty cannot extend beyond the earth's atmosphere. They tend toward a practical definition of the atmosphere, such as Dr. Haley's, based on the elements necessary to "lift" aircraft.

Whatever the definition of "outer space," Western lawyers generally agree that the principles of law on the high seas might be applied to the region, and to craft traveling through it. Thus, passengers on a spaceship would be governed by the laws of the state whose flag their craft flies. It has even been suggested that a spaceship captain might be given all the legal powers of a sea captain.

Projecting sea-law principles to the skies, a nation which sends a rocket ship into outer space would be responsible for the conduct of the ship. It would also be liable for possible damages caused by the ship. Explains Dr. Schachter, "A national state would not exercise jurisdiction over outer space as such, but only over the ships flying its flag and the persons and goods aboard such ships."

What if a space ship reaches the moon? Could the country that gets there first claim it? Just looking at a

never-before-seen area of the moon would constitute a claim under the principle of discovery. But a nation would have to land and place there some symbol, such as a flag, to solidify its claim. As for the part of the moon which everyone can see now, a nation would have to land there to establish even a preliminary claim.

If more than one nation lays claim to the moon by landing there, then the case for legal right of ownership might well depend on who successfully establishes and maintains the first colony.

Of vital concern in all space-law speculation, of course, is the question of military and political security posed by rockets and space satellites. At first, all efforts to reach agreement were hampered by being coupled with disarmament negotiations. Secretary Dulles' comments, however, hint that the U. S. is prepared to remove outer-space controls from the category of disarmament. Dr. Haley calls the proposal "a memorable occasion" which could open the way to significant progress in this area. "There must be no militarism in space," he says.

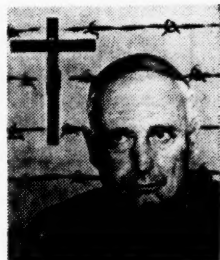
As on earth, of course, there's no assurance that agreements setting boundaries and governing national conduct could be enforced.

Primitive natives who beat drums to drive off evil spirits are objects of scorn to American motorists who blow horns to break up traffic jams.

Mary Ellen Kelly.

Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty

His patient face reflects man's suffering and man's hope



THE BLACKEST HOURS for humanity, it seems to me, were ten years ago, in 1948. Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary was arrested by communist police and held for a rigged trial in which his reputation was scheduled to be destroyed, and with it the respect of the world's people for the greatest obstacle in the path of communism: the Catholic Church.

For a while it seemed that the cynical maneuver would succeed. The newspapers reported the false accusations against Cardinal Mindszenty without qualification or warning, as if they had come from legitimate authority.

Then, in a kind of delayed and slow explosion, the scheme began to blow up in the faces of its perpetrators.

People began to remember things. Cardinal Mindszenty only a few years earlier had been liberated from imprisonment under Hitler. If he had been a fascist, as the communists alleged, why had Hitler hated him? In a closet in his episcopal residence

in Esztergom, he kept the rags he had worn in a nazi concentration camp. And there were not wanting, either, grateful Jewish leaders to testify that he had defended their people against the nazi puppet regime which for a while had ruled Hungary.

Then we discovered that Cardinal Mindszenty had scribbled a note on a scrap of paper just before he was seized by the communist police. The note warned the world that he was innocent of everything of which the Reds accused him, and that if his tormentors later produced a confession, it would be the result of his human weakness in the face of communist torture and psychological conditioning. He repudiated in advance anything he might be forced to "confess."

Led by the ruthless but profoundly stupid Matyas Rakosi, the communist government proceeded with its smear trial. Cardinal Mindszenty was brought into court looking like

*2400 N. Eddy Road, Notre Dame, Ind. Dec. 28, 1957. © 1957 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

a man emerging from a weird hell. Months later, two handwriting experts were to escape into the Western world and testify that they had forged the documents used against the cardinal in court. But their testimony was hardly necessary. The pictures of Cardinal Mindszenty as he faced his communist "judges" told their own story.

Those were the blackest hours for humanity, but they were the hours when the light began to shine because one man's courage awakened the world. The mistreatment of Cardinal Mindszenty was an event that stirred humanity out of its postwar torpor about communism.

It was an act of inspired humility for Cardinal Mindszenty to scribble the note warning the world that he was only human. He had then, and he has still, a mountainous contempt for communism and all its works and pomps. His contempt is rooted in his profound trust in God's providence, and his complete willingness to be a martyr. Willingness? I ought to say eagerness; when he was only a boy, learning about God from his mother on their little farm, he was inspired with the desire to give his life for Christ and the Church.

Nevertheless, the realization came to him suddenly, in that last moment before he was marched away by a patrol of communist policemen, that he was, after all, human, and that there are limits to what the human body and mind can endure. And so he scribbled the heart-touching

words that electrified millions around the world.

Apparently the communists did break him. His mother, the only person permitted to see him after the fake trial, reported that he could not remember ever having been taken to court. Indeed, he asked her when his trial was scheduled to begin. His health, too, gave way under the suffering to which he was subjected; but now the communists realized that they had made a bad public-relations error. They did not want him to die on their hands; they feared another explosion of world opinion. Physicians were ordered to restore the cardinal to health.

The doctors succeeded. Cardinal Mindszenty recovered his physical and mental vigor. When the Hungarian people erupted in their great revolution, he was liberated by young freedom fighters. After the revolution was crushed, Cardinal Mindszenty was persuaded to take refuge in the American legation in Budapest.

He has now been there a year and a half, waiting, studying, praying, writing, and offering his daily Mass on a desk. Our Lady of Fatima's promise remains: "Russia will be converted." It will be a tremendously powerful nation that will come back to Christ. The skies are not growing darker, as so many imagine; what is coming is not the night but the day. And we may well live to see Cardinal Mindszenty offering his Mass in Red Square.

By Michael Ross
Condensed from the "Listener"*

A Roof for Cologne Cathedral

*I acted first and got permission afterward,
but I'm proud now of my war record*

LOOKING BACK on my war—Hitler's war, I should say—I realize that I played a minor, if not futile, role: scarcely a battle and certainly no heroics. I spent most of my time kicking my heels in an office. For a while I was madly optimistic about the chances of being sent to Yugoslavia as a war artist. As I had little to do in my office, I spent most of my time mugging up the Yugoslav language.

One day Gen. Sir Ronald Adam unexpectedly came into my office as I was struggling with a translation of *Alice in Wonderland* into Serbian. I had no time to hide either *Alice* or my bulky Serbo-Croatian dictionary.

"What are you working on now, major?" Sir Ronald asked. I tried to

cover my books with papers from the "in" tray, but Sir Ronald was too quick for me.

"Hello, what's all this?" he asked, surprised. There was not much use beating about the bush, so somewhat hesitantly I told him.

"Do you like your work here?" he queried. "I'm afraid not, sir," I blurted out. "In fact, I absolutely loathe it."

A few days later I found myself posted to SHAEF as a Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives officer. Then followed months of intensive work, probably the only time during the whole war when I did anything useful at all—except for one occasion, just before Dunkirk, when I had managed to stop a horse from smash-



*35 Marylebone High St., London, England. Dec. 26, 1957. © 1957 by the British Broadcasting Corp., and reprinted with permission.

ing up all the furniture in my bedroom.

The Monuments and Fine Arts officers had been selected from American and British art historians, museum and art-gallery curators, and so on; there were also one or two painters and architects among us. I was proud to be one of them. Our job was important. During hostilities we had to see that as little damage as possible was done to art treasures, including historic monuments, by bombing, shelling, looting, or indiscriminate billeting. Some of us were tracking down art treasures looted by the enemy.

After the fighting was over I was posted to the Rhineland. One day, the Rhineland commander, Brigadier Barraclough, sent for me. He told me that Archbishop Frings of Cologne had complained that Cologne cathedral was being endangered by the explosion of depth charges in the Rhine. We were at the time using such explosives to clear the wreckage of the Hohenzollern bridge. Brigadier Barraclough ordered me to investigate. It seemed a pity that we should knock down the cathedral now that the fighting was over.

I was surprised to find how seriously Cologne cathedral was damaged. Allied propaganda had led me to believe that it was almost unscathed. But it was still standing, the only church, indeed, almost the only important building, in the city that was not a complete ruin.

I was met at the cathedral by Willy

Weyres, the architect in charge of the building, and a venerable bearded Brother of massive proportions who had remained throughout the war as a fire watcher; he, probably more than anyone else, was responsible for the fact that the cathedral was not gutted by incendiary bombs.

Then, happily innocent of what was in store for me, I climbed up and up, above the belfry, onto a platform on the south tower hundreds of feet above the ground. I felt dizzy as I looked over the parapet to the ground below, where antlike figures and minute motor cars threaded their way through the ruins. I was astonished when I looked at the cathedral roof to see how much of the lead had been stripped by blast, and that what little remained was warped and twisted. To all intents and purposes there was no roof worth speaking of.

With no feeling of foreboding, I checked the time. A test explosion was due soon. Suddenly there was a tremendous *whoomf* and the whole tower swayed back and forth at an impossible angle. Gothic pinnacles and ornaments went tumbling down hundreds of feet into the street below. Huge stones jumped out of place. I hung on to the parapet for dear life, thinking at any moment the whole structure would collapse. I had never been more certain that this was my end.

I made my giddy way down the interminable spiral staircase to ground level. But before leaving the building I remembered to look at the vaulting

over the nave. Five of the vaults had previously collapsed as a result of bombing or shelling. I was happy to see that there seemed to be no further damage. My duties over, I went out to meet Weyres and Brother Josephat. I was just walking away from the chancel when hundreds of tons of masonry thundered down, filling the air with thick dust. The vaulting *had* collapsed after all. Obviously my guardian angel was keeping an eye on me that day.

I made my report, and from then on smaller charges were used by the demolition squad. But I realized that if something was not done to patch up the cathedral before winter, rain and frost would wreck it just as surely as any depth charge. General Eisenhower had ordered that certain jobs should have priority over all others. Domestic dwellings came before historical monuments; it was forbidden to use building materials for any other purpose. I knew of this order, but at the same time I felt that an exception should be made of the cathedral. It stood as an emblem, something extremely important, not only for Rhinelanders but for Christians everywhere.

It was just about this time that Brigadier Barraclough sent for me to tell me that although he had not yet been able to get me any trained help, he had obtained ten Canadian military-police majors, Mounties, each with a sergeant and a jeep.

The following day a tough Canadian reported to me. I am sure he was

wondering what sort of sissy job he had been assigned to. However, the job I had for my Mounties was suitable for policemen; instead of tracking down criminals I wanted them to track down building materials. In England, before being posted overseas, I had been partly responsible for preparing a list of factories and depots all over Western Germany. I gave my ten Mounties copies of this list, in which I had marked all the locations in the Rhineland where building materials were produced: brick and tile yards, cement and glass works, timber yards, slate quarries, zinc and lead factories, and so on.

"Go round to all these places and report on what materials are available at each site," I told them. The only stipulation I made was that they should report back in ten days' time. Funnily enough, the building chaps in civil government had not yet got round to locating these materials, perhaps because they had neither facilities nor our directory. My Canadians were happy to be occupied. They did their job well, and were back within ten days with a most comprehensive report. Among other things, I learned that there was plenty of zinc only a mile or so away from Düsseldorf, at Neuss, across the Rhine.

I decided to keep this bit of information to myself. Zinc was just what Weyres needed to patch up the cathedral roof. The next problem was labor. I went to see Archbishop Frings, and he ordered a pastoral let-

ter read from pulpits all over Western Germany, asking for volunteer workers. Weyres and Brother Josephat, who was, as it turned out, a master carpenter, would be in charge of the work. It was also arranged that a nearby convent with a large garden should supply meals for the workers, frugal vegetarian meals but, all the same, meals.

I put the cathedral out of bounds to the public. It was dangerous to enter; you never knew when more masonry might come tumbling down. Our next problem was how to move the zinc from Neuss into the cathedral, unobserved if possible. The *Oberbürgermeister* of Neuss, the brother of Archbishop Frings, came to the rescue. If I could requisition civilian transportation, he said, he would arrange with the prison authorities to organize loading parties from among the prisoners, nonpolitical prisoners, of course: they were mostly felons, thieves, or murderers. They would work at night. I do not know if I really had authority to requisition transport, but I did it. I felt conspiratorial, but my conscience did not worry me. I am afraid I turned a blind eye to Eisenhower's priorities.

The effect of the pastoral letters—or was it the nuns' soup kitchen?—exceeded all our expectations. Germany at that time was very hungry. So many people poured into Cologne that they became a source of embarrassment. There were not enough lodgings for them and not enough food. Extra police had to be called in

to deal with the situation. But work on the roof began, and everyone set to it with a will. Naturally, we could not keep all this a secret, and I was not altogether surprised when Brigadier Barraclough sent for me.

"What's going on in Cologne?" he asked. "I believe you're at the bottom of it."

There was no use denying it. I told him, more or less, though chiefly less, what I had done.

"Of course I ought to have you put under arrest," he said. Then he smiled. "Anyway, I'm glad you did it first and told me after. Have a drink." And that was that. A temporary roof was constructed; the south tower was shored up, and the cathedral was safe.

Seven hundred years after its foundation, Cologne cathedral was rededicated. I was invited by both Cardinal Frings and the *Oberbürgermeister* to attend the ceremony. Cardinal Micara, the papal nuncio, officiated at pontifical high Mass; present were the cardinals of all the allied countries, together with some 50 bishops, all clad in scarlet and purple, their robes set off by the black, 16th-century court dresses of the papal chamberlains.

The cathedral, lit by thousands of candles, was crowded. As the choir burst into the *Gloria* I looked up towards the roof, lost in darkness, high above me, and felt very happy. In spite of disobeying orders, I had in my own small way managed to do something useful in the army.

By Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz
As told to A. E. Hotchner
*Condensed from "This Week"**

Nine Words to Stop Juvenile Crime

Put father back at the head of the family

I HAVE SPENT my life "inside" crime, 21 years as a criminal lawyer, 16 years as a judge in the criminal courts. And I have studied the criminal from his first young scrape with the law to his last walk out of death row to the electric chair.

Ask me for example of juvenile crime and I need only invite you into my courtroom here in Brooklyn, any day, any week. I had just recently before me a youth of 17 who had hurled liquid lye into another student's face. One of our Children's court judges was attacked in court: a boy hit him on the head with a chair. Another youth hurled an inkwell at a teacher's face. Every criminal-courts judge in this country is witness to the terrible fact that teenagers are replacing adults on criminal-court dockets.

We judges are all sickeningly aware of this development, but our awareness is tinged with hopelessness. The Senate Sub-Committee on Juvenile Delinquency has an-



nounced that "we are losing our battle against juvenile delinquency." J. Edgar Hoover has seconded this pronouncement. We flail at the problem with a jumble of uncoordinated "solutions": teen-age curfews, more playgrounds, punishing parents for their teen-ager's crimes, getting more social workers, setting up a federal delinquency bureau, establishing psychiatric committees to research the adolescent psyche.

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Dec. 15, 1957. © 1957 by United Newspapers Magazines Corp., and reprinted with permission.

These "solutions" are treatments of the effect rather than the cause. Our approach is like putting band-aids on a sore that can be healed only by treating the blood stream.

Something down deep, simple but basic, must have disappeared from our way of life to have caused this revolt toward crime among our young people. But what was it? For several years I searched through the debris of the ruined young lives brought before me, trying to find a lead, but without results.

Then, last summer, with court out of session, I had an idea that I felt might be worth pursuing. I would go to the country that had the *lowest* rate of juvenile delinquency and see if I could find there some clue to how and why our nation had jumped the track.

What Western country has the lowest juvenile delinquency rate? Italy, by far, as the accompanying table shows. Even allowing for differences in tabulation of statistics, the picture is a shocking one for Americans.

But why is Italy's delinquency rate so low? For weeks, last summer, I toured Italian cities, trying to get the answers. I was given remarkable cooperation. Police commissioners, school superintendents, officials of cities, told me what I wanted to know, took me where I wanted to go.

Eventually I was rewarded. In Italy, I found a basic, vital element of living that is disappearing in this country, and which, to my mind, is

the most effective solution to the malady of young delinquency.

An important police official asked me if it were really true that teenagers attacked police in this country. I had to tell him it was.

"Ah, this is very hard for us to believe," he said. "No Italian youth would ever lay hands on a police officer."

A Naples school superintendent asked me if thrill murders are figments of journalists' imaginations.

"No," I informed him, "they are all too true. Three high-school boys, good boys with no marks against them, take a walk along the river, see a bum sleeping, suddenly get a grotesque urge to torture him. They burn his feet, torture him in other ways, end up by throwing him into the river. Could that happen here in Italy?"

"We have no such crimes," the superintendent said. "We have the delinquency of stealing, of misbehaving, but boys in this country commit boy wrongs, within the bounds of a boy's world."

"But how do you keep him there, how do you keep the boy from bursting out?" I asked.

From all parts of Italy, from every official, I received the same answer: the young people in Italy respect authority. They have a respect that starts in the home and carries over into the school, the city streets, the courts. I went into many Italian homes to see for myself what the experts were talking about.

TEEN-AGE CRIME: EUROPE VS. U.S.

Statistics based on official reports show percentage of crimes in each country committed by offenders 18 or under.

	Sex Crimes	Homicides
Italy	2%	½ of 1%
France	7%	8%
Belgium	12%	1%
Germany	15%	2%
Britain	15%	1%
United States	35%	12%

I found that even in the house of the poorest laborer, the father was respected by the wife and the children as the head of the family. He was the leader of that family, and ruled his brood with varying degrees of love, tenderness, and firmness. His household had rules to live by, and the child who disobeyed them was punished.

"The child who respects his father, and mother, too, will respect his teacher, the laws of his country, the policemen, the elders around him," a high-school principal in Milan told me. Thus, from the ancient wisdom of the Italians, who have the best-behaved teen-agers in the Western world, I found the nine-word principle that I think can do more for us than all the committees, ordinances, and multimillion-dollar programs combined: *Put father back at the head of the family.*

These nine words spell out the

tragedy of the American teen-ager. He has been raised in a household where *obey* is a dirty word, and where the mother has put herself at the head of the family. Well, in my opinion, no woman looks good wearing a man's pants. We are becoming a nation of matriarchs. How many times have you heard a father say, "John, it's time to go to bed," or words to that effect, only to be topped by mother saying, "Oh, Harry, leave the boy alone. Stop picking on him."

The result has been that father has slowly, albeit grudgingly, given up leadership in many families.

In upper and middle-class homes we have the additional specter of "permissive" psychology at work. There the combination of mother wielding absolute power in a permissive household where Johnny is rarely if ever disciplined has produced the confused, rebellious, unhappy teen-ager who floods our traffic courts and criminal courts, and later clogs our divorce dockets. Twenty-five per cent of all U. S. marriages now end in divorce or legal separation. Isn't that a shocking, incredible statistic? One out of four marriages is a failure!

And why not? Isn't divorce the result of delinquency grown up, a natural outgrowth of the teen-ager's inability to cope with a world he was never prepared for?

How many parents have stood before me, after I have sentenced their children to an institution, and asked,

"Judge, what did I do that was wrong? I sacrificed for him, gave him a good life, put him through school"

It's not what they *did*, it's what they did *not* do. They did not put father in charge of the family, but let him surrender his rightful and needed leadership to mother. They did not teach their child discipline.

No child can be reared doing only what he likes. He must be disciplined to also do things he does not want to do, if it's in the best interests of the family. For that is how, realistically, the world will treat him when he gets older. The child does not want an undisciplined, do-as-you-please, "permissive" world. It makes him unhappy, confuses him. He wants the solid walls of firm rules and discipline around him defining his world, giving him a large free area but telling him exactly how far he can go.

In my boyhood I had that discipline, and I'm very glad I did. I was raised on Essex St., a dismal slum on New York's lower East Side. My father ran a little dry-goods store and barely made enough for us to live on. But he was the head of our house, and I respected him. When I was 16, and he told me to be home at 12, I broke my neck to get there on time.

Many a teen-ager today roams around until two or three in the morning, and considers his parent impertinent if he as much as asks if he had a good time.

A home where the father is not

the recognized chief of the family is not much better off, to my way of thinking, than a home broken by divorce. Of course, there are some homes afflicted with "problem fathers," such as alcoholics, but I am speaking about the average family. Every time that mother overrules father, undermines his authority and his standing in the eyes of the child, she knocks a piece off the foundation on which the child stands.

Old-fashioned idea? Yes, sir. I know the sorrowful plight of your children as you yourself do not know it, and I can tell you that if you want a sound family, growing sound children in its soil, then you will ask yourself: is father the real head of our family? If not, there is no reason why you cannot rebuild your relations, especially if you are young.

How the twig is bent is how the tree grows, and if your child learns to respect the single authority of his father in the important personality-forming period before the age of six, then chances are he will know how to handle authority without disastrous rebellion in later life.

Recently Pope Pius XII spoke wisdom on this subject. "God created man and woman," His Holiness said, "as persons equal in rank and dignity, and no one can say that woman is in any way inferior to man. But wives must submit themselves to their husbands as the Church does to God. Women have a threefold mission of truth, love, and feminine action."

Does that mean the women must forsake their role as child rearers? Not at all. Let me make it clear that what I suggest is only a matter of emphasis and does not drastically change a mother's position in the family. She has the same day-to-day, hour-to-hour responsibility she has always had, but she focuses authority and finality and discipline on her husband. When there are disagreements and problems they are discussed, but not in front of the children. Beware of sowing a storm, for you will reap a hurricane.

We have single leadership in every walk of our lives: school principal, city mayor, commanding officer, club president. Why shouldn't the family have the same advantage?

If mothers would understand that much of their importance lies in building up the father image for the child, they would achieve the deep satisfaction of children who turn out well. And no mother would ever have to stand before me with tears in her eyes, asking: "What did I do that was wrong, judge, what did I do that was wrong?"

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

A zealous young priest had instructed a large class of children in preparation for Confirmation. The parish was a poor one in a large city of New York State. Some of the ladies of the parish had offered to make veils for those girls whose families were unable to supply them.

Confirmation day came, and the children were about ready to march into the church. But the line didn't move off on schedule, and the young priest hurried out to see what was holding up the procession. He found the Sister in charge trying vainly to comfort a tearful little Negro girl. By some miscalculation, no veil had been provided for her. By now the bishop had arrived, and there seemed to be no time to do anything about the situation.

On an inspiration, the young priest whipped off the lace-net surplice he was wearing, and Sister, with a few deft twists and some safety pins, quickly transformed the surplice into a magnificent veil!

By circumstance, I was a delighted witness of the whole proceeding. It made me particularly happy a few minutes later to see the little girl walk ecstatically up the aisle while the young priest, now in a king-sized altar boy's surplice, beamed at her from his place beside the bishop.

Marie P. Brady.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Clifford Beers: a Mind That Found Itself

His years as a patient in a mental hospital inspired him to work for better care for the mentally ill

CLIFFORD BEERS could not enjoy that perfect June day in 1900, the year of his 24th summer. Robins were splashing in the bird bath below the window of his room in New Haven, Conn., but he didn't notice them. Neither did he feel the warm breeze rustling through the box elders that shaded the quiet street, nor hear the buzzing of the dragon flies in the yard below. His mind was fixed on the cement sidewalk 30 feet beneath his window.

His mother had left the room a few minutes before. Now he heard her returning footsteps. There was something he felt he had to do, and he must do it before she came back.

He went to the open window and looked down. Clenching his teeth, he climbed through the window and clung a moment to the sill. Then he jumped.

He missed the cement walk by inches, landing feet first on soft earth. Small bones in his feet splintered, one heel was crushed. But his suicide attempt had failed.

An ambulance rushed him to Grace hospital, where he was placed

in a 2nd-story room. Attendants covered his windows with iron bars.

Clifford Beers, Yale graduate (class of '97), and now an obscure clerk with a small New York life-insurance company, had suffered a severe mental breakdown. The doctors put a name to it: "manic-depressive psychosis." His depression was to last 798 days.

No one, least of all Clifford Beers, had any notion at the time of his breakdown of the stranger-than-fiction course his life was to take. He would return from the world of the insane to be received by kings and presidents, to wear the colors of the French Legion of Honor, to be awarded honorary degrees from the world's great universities.

His name would become as familiar to medical men as those of Pasteur, Koch, and Jenner. Catholic cardinals and Protestant bishops, in America and abroad, would pledge him their support. William James, the psychologist, and Booth Tarkington, the author, would be numbered among his friends and admirers. Hundreds of doctors, social

scientists, educators, and statesmen would send him testimonials of their admiration. The American Psychiatric association would make him an honorary member.

The Rockefellers, Carnegies, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Harrimans, McCormicks, and Fields would lend him moral and financial support. Herbert Hoover, Alfred E. Smith, and Calvin Coolidge would give him enthusiastic endorsement.

Clifford Beers regained his sanity to spearhead a world-wide mental-hygiene movement. He founded the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the American Foundation for Mental Hygiene, and the International Committee for Mental Hygiene.

But on June 23, 1900, as Beers lay helplessly ill, he felt that everyone had turned against him. He would surely be punished, he believed, for his crime of attempted suicide. He feared everyone, even members of his own family. So he turned against everyone he knew, and for the next two years was without family or friends. He lived apart, in the sad, isolated world of the insane.

Beers' mental illness had been developing for some time before his breakdown. In late June, 1894, an older brother had been diagnosed as an epileptic. Beers became obsessed with the fear that he, too, might have the disease, by inheritance. He grew morbid. Then came that June day on which he had decided to kill himself rather than face his fears.

Eleven days later, on July 4, his older brother died. Ironically, it was discovered that a brain tumor had killed him, not epilepsy. But by this time, Clifford Beers had lost the use of reason.

As he lay in his hospital bed, his confused mind constructed a grotesque world. His male nurses were policemen, the doctors were inquisitors, his eldest brother was a detective.

He heard mysterious voices. His food was poisoned. Sinister forms flashed across the ceiling of his room. A detective hid under his bed each night.

Two months after his arrival at Grace hospital, arrangements were made to have him committed to a private sanitarium. During the next eight months Beers lived in a crowded, filthy ward with 19 other patients. The hospital attendants knew nothing about the care of the mentally ill. Their weekly wage was \$4.50. It often happened that tramps who stopped to beg a meal were hired at the hospital's back door and put to work in the wards.

During this time Beers refused to speak, fearing that his words might be used as "evidence" against him. He spent his days staring out the window from his narrow, wooden cot at the end of the dimly lighted ward.

One day Beers saw a white-haired old man tossing on his cot. The man kept raising his wrinkled hand to get the attendants' attention, but

they passed him by. As the hours passed, the old man's hands began twitching, and a rattle came from his throat. At last an attendant summoned a doctor, but the doctor sent word back that he was "too busy." When he did arrive, the old man was dead. Beers, who had watched helplessly from his cot, turned away and looked out the window.

Several days later Beers was aroused from his private world by a rough hand on his shoulder. He looked up at an attendant who leaned over his cot. "Has the cat got yer tongue?" a gruff voice asked. Beers didn't answer. "Well?" the attendant demanded. Beers stared blankly. The attendant spat in his face and shuffled off down the hall.

The next day the assistant physician sat down on the edge of Beers' cot. "You're not going to get well staring out that window," he said. "You've got to exercise, and you might as well start now." Beers stared at him.

The doctor took his arm to help him up, but Beers pushed the hand away. The doctor jerked him to his feet. The pressure of his weight on the unmended bones in his legs sent Beers reeling back on his cot in pain. The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and walked away.

Although he was far from the world of reality, Beers felt such treatment deeply. He wanted to cry out in rage at the neglect and abuse that he saw everywhere around him. But he kept his feelings to himself.

A year passed. His condition remained unchanged. He still refused to communicate with others in any way. The doctors pronounced his case incurable. His family, hard pressed for funds, had him committed to a less expensive sanitarium.

There Beers continued to vegetate. He was fed three meals a day, bathed periodically, and forced to exercise on his slowly mending legs. He thought almost continuously of suicide. But his delusions kept him from carrying out the many plans that took shape in his mind. He thought that his every movement was observed by a "secret eye," an ingenious instrument of the police.

Beers' self-imposed silence ended dramatically one warm autumn day. During his long period of silence he had believed that his family were in jail. Those relatives who did visit him were to his mind impostors hired by the police.

Then, in a rare lucid moment, he conceived a plan to establish contact with his "real" brother George. He smuggled a letter out to be used as a means of identification. The next day, as Beers waited beside the path just inside the gate, his brother came and handed him the letter. Beers stared at it. So this man *was* his brother! Beers took him by the hand, and the two sat down under the shade of a tree, to talk until the sun went down. Even then Clifford Beers could not begin to say all the things that had been locked up inside him for over two years.

From that moment on, Beers was no longer depressed. His heart and mind were unlocked. He was a king, an author, a poet, a great reformer who could transform the world. He was anything he wanted to be. His depression had given way to the manic phase of his illness. He was still very ill, but he was happy.

Overnight, Beers changed from a mute, withdrawn, spiritless man to a dynamo of energy. The silent, withdrawn, suspicious Beers had been replaced by a vociferous, exuberant, endlessly busy man with a purpose. His doctors shook their heads in wonder.

The "new" Beers knew exactly what he was going to do. He would reform mental hospitals! He began by writing letters to friends, public officials, and even to the governor of the state. His letters went unanswered. A mental patient who would reform the institution to which he had been committed could move people only to pity or wry laughter. But Beers, although still mentally ill, knew what he was about.

Finding the world indifferent to his ideas for reform, he decided to gather more evidence. First he would visit the "violent" ward. Gaining admission was easy; he simply smashed a window with a chair. In the violent ward, he was beaten, cursed at, kicked.

Beers wanted to see even more. By feigning suicide (now the last thought in his mind), he was introduced to the rigors of the strait jack-

et. By punching an attendant in the nose he won entrance to a padded cell. He was getting the firsthand experience he felt he needed.

After weeks spent alone in his cell he was taken to the superintendent's office, where his brother was waiting for him. "We've decided you'll do better in a public hospital, Clifford," his brother said. Beers was delighted at the prospect of being able to gather more material for his exposé.

He attended a dance on his first night at the state hospital. The next day he resumed his investigations. He barricaded the door to his room. Three burly attendants broke in and dragged him to a cell in the violent ward. It was winter, and his cell was unheated. He had to sleep on the floor.

The only sounds he heard were screams of anguish and the curses, thuds, and moans that arose as attendants beat some disturbed patient into temporary silence. Beers made note of it all: in his mind and on the wall of his cell with the stub of a pencil, the only weapon he had.

One early spring day in 1903 Beers was visited by the hospital director. "We think you are ready for more privileges now that you've calmed down," he said. Beers shrugged indifferently, but that night found him in his own room. It had a window looking out on the hospital grounds.

Beers now felt that he had learned enough about mental hospital conditions. His mind was filled with the details of a thousand examples of

abuse. He began cooperating with the attendants and doctors. Soon he was being allowed to make trips to town unattended. His delusions were gone, and his agitation had subsided. That fall he went home.

After a month's rest he returned to his old job, but his mind wasn't on his work. His thoughts were with the men and women he had left behind. Sometimes during the night his sleep was troubled with their screams.

"Why don't you take a leave of absence and do what you have to do?" his employer suggested. "You can come back whenever you are ready."

Beers began devoting all his time to his plans for reform. He called on the doctors who had treated him. He discussed his plans with his friends, and even thought of laying them before President Theodore Roosevelt. He grew more and more excited about his ideas. Too excited.

Sixteen months after his discharge, Beers was again committed to a mental hospital. The manner in which he presented his plans revealed that he was, once again, in a state of unnatural elation. But within a month of his commitment he had calmed down enough to be discharged.

Beers began writing a book. He called it *A Mind That Found Itself*. It made a sweeping indictment of the abuses and neglect of mental patients he had discovered in state and private hospitals. It was his own story.

Now he needed support from persons whose prestige would lend weight to his arguments. At the time, one of the most respected psychologists in America was Harvard's William James. Beers sent James his manuscript. Within a month he had an enthusiastic letter from James and, later, his personal check for \$1,000.

Armed with the letter from James, Beers brought his book to a publisher. The publisher accepted it, and it immediately attracted worldwide attention. Beers then set about in earnest to carry his plans into operation. Working 18 hours a day, he organized the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene and the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

The Connecticut society was his pilot organization. It worked to help prevent nervous disorders, to raise standards of care and treatment, to educate the public about mental illness, and to cooperate with existing agencies to bring about reforms in mental institutions.

Beers' National committee conducted surveys of conditions in the nation's mental hospitals, and worked at eradicating brutality and neglect in the care of the mentally ill. (In 1950 Beers' National committee merged with two other organizations to become what is today the National Association for Mental Health.)

Beers' story and the work he was doing inspired many people. He was

living proof to the mentally ill and their families that the doors of mental hospitals could swing both ways. People he had never met came forward to help. Some of America's wealthiest families were among his supporters.

To help raise and administer the funds of his programs, Beers organized the American Foundation for Mental Hygiene, still in existence.

Beers hoped that his programs would be carried to other parts of the world. The First International Congress on Mental Hygiene, organized by Beers, met in Washington, D.C., in 1930. Fifty nations were represented. Beers founded the International Committee for Mental Hygiene in 1931. Thirty-four countries soon had their own societies for mental hygiene.

Beers served as executive secretary to the committees he founded. He was a brilliant speaker, always much in demand, and his endless work took him from one end of the country to the other and abroad. He told his story whenever he could. He often referred to his work as a fulfillment of his "heart's desire."

While in France seeking support for his international program, Beers addressed a huge audience in the great amphitheater of the Sorbonne, and received a standing ovation. Later the French government conferred on him the medal of the Legion of Honor for his service to humanity. In Belgium he was received in private audience by King Albert.

Cardinal Mercier pledged his support to Beers' program.

Back in America, Beers was honored by Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins universities. Churchmen, university presidents, and psychiatrists praised him.

Beers continued to follow the terrific pace he had set for himself years before. Then one day his sight began to fail, and hardening of the arteries caused his heart to show signs of distress. Reluctantly, he submitted to a physical examination. The doctors pronounced a sentence that Beers could not accept: retirement. The shock of learning that he could no longer follow his "heart's desire" proved too much.

In 1939 Beers reported to Butler hospital, and turned himself over to the care of his old friend, Dr. Arthur H. Ruggles, who had worked at his side for many years in the mental-hygiene movement. There Beers spent his time painting, reading, and listening to music. His room was cheerful, and he was treated with respect by doctors and nurses alike. Friends came to call. He had every comfort of home. There were no kicks or curses or strait jackets, for conditions had changed during the 30 years he had been at work.

Clifford Beers had no way of knowing that he himself would one day be among the millions to benefit from the reforms he had brought about. But in 1943, in his 67th year, he died, ending his career where it had begun: in a mental hospital.

By Ed Mack Miller
*Condensed from "Tales of a Flier's Faith"***

A Flier's Faith

It is symbolized by the flier's cross: the shadow of his craft on the ground below him

THE FLIER is immersed in God all his working hours. In the first blaze of morning when the dissipate clouds incline their waking heads toward the sun, or in the black hell of a turbulent night aloft, when nature levels its icy howitzers at him, the pilot knows that there is a God who sustains him as he spans the skies.

The pilot may have made his declaration of dependence up there one moonless night while searching, sweating, for a misplaced check point. Or when he noticed that most airports have landing patterns that lie directly over quiet cemeteries where patient white fingers point upward, always at him. Or perhaps his heart admitted God the day he stood beside the gaping pit where his wingman lay sintering in a hot, metallic grave.

Of course, it may not have been fear that brought him to his knees; it may have been the exercise of reason or even pure sentiment: the desire to thank someone for an accident



averted, or for joys attained, or even for the sheer and overwhelming beauty of the universe we swim in. It doesn't really matter when or where, but I know that somehow, somewhere, every experienced pilot has come to grips with The Fact: *there is a God who watches and who cares.*

The flier has only to scan to the tips of his wings to know how slender is the thread which holds him in his heaven. The things he feels and senses are cruel and brutal or exalted and sublime compared to the things the sheltered terrestrial experiences: sprinting winds, soaring thermals, pummeling rain, chafing sun, leadening sleet, and the fear-some rataplan of hail.

Nothing is closer to total possession or absolute abandonment than

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flying for hours in a cocoon of fog; nothing is more terrifying than to course through the eternity of a winter night with the blue arc of St. Elmo's fire playing at your elbow; nothing will make you feel that you have slipped to the basement of hell faster than to twist in a *danse macabre* through a pair of neon thunderstorms on a hot summer night while your propellers jerk and stutter in the flashing glare of the lightning's nimble stroboscope.

But the pilot's knowledge of God comes also through the joys which he is lifted to earth's third heaven to observe; try as he may he can never quite adequately describe the beauties with which his eyes have been anointed. He wanders happily down castellated canyons of cumulus, or climbs free and fearless up the "long, delirious, burning blue"; he races the sun across joyous vagrant islands of nowhere or does wing-overs through the Pleiades; he drops confident into the calm, opaque sea of milk below and bursts out into the sparkling glory of a Manhattan afire with lights.

Crossing the Texas Panhandle he sees a rare, full-circle dust rainbow lying flat far below; descending on Havana he sees the moon leak silver in a magic swath across the Gulf of Yucatan; trudging head down through the lash of a South Atlantic squall he topples breathless into the gleaming eye of a hurricane.

San Francisco's night-life jewel box has been recorded by the camera

of his eye—the cliffs of Quebec at sunup, the Everglades by starlight, the Mississippi in foggy flood at false dawn, the Great Smokies purpling at eventide, and Shasta sitting head high at noon, a nonchalant rope of ermine cloud tossed carelessly off her shoulder. No wonder the pilot's heart often whispers, "O Lord, I have loved the beauty of thy house, and the place where thy glory dwelleth."

Which brings us to faith. All flying is grounded in faith—faith in the mechanic who safe-ties the fuel cocks; faith in the attendant who strains the high octane into the gleaming wings; faith in the localizer beam that guides him through the trackless cloud; faith in the calm voice that woos him in to a radar landing.

Faith, blind faith, in unseen riveters, in faceless meteorologists, in pacing dispatchers, in Pentagon plans, in the bent little man with the thick-rimmed glasses who wearily sets type for the vital elevations that will be inserted on an airman's chart entitled *Sierra Madre del Sur*.

Faith is the flier, and the flier is faith. He feels from the beauty that encompasses him that no mere combination of chemical effects could stir his soul as do the savannas he scans. He senses that no combination of coincidences could possibly have produced this balanced, precise world, whirling gyrolike in its ordained place. "Of course there is a God who watches both the sparrow's flight and mine. How else the tire-

less roll of interlocking cogs of 'highs' and 'lows' across a weather map? How else the neat geometry and clock-wheel synchronization of the stars?"

Tell him that these processes are rudderless, accomplished only by chance, and he will think you a fool, for any pilot knows deep in him that there can be no plan without a planner, that any machine with co-ordinated components must have a blueprint, that mass and movement without a prime mover are palpably ridiculous.

In other days men fled to the deserts or the mountains and there found pillars or peaks where they could look down on the madding crowd and meditate a bit on the why-ness of life. The flier has this on

every flight. Material things shrink to proper proportion.

And as the pilot speculates on the reason for existence, he is followed by the answer across the clouded, quilted earth. The answer is, of course, the shadow of his craft, the flier's cross, a streaking symbol of the faith of our fathers. The pilot may not speak of it, but he knows that it is there and that it will be until the shadow meets its substance in a final union: happy landing or instant death.

Perhaps that is why he often says his prayers on a chaplet of silver stars as he twines through the night sky, very conscious that it is faith that keeps his wings riding high, that it is God who holds the flier in the palm of his hand.

PLAYMATES

A retired professor, whose own children had grown up and moved away, was out raking his front lawn. A group of neighborhood small fry stood watching. Before long, the kids had taken over the job, and the professor was merely standing by, offering an occasional suggestion.

Next morning, the professor's doorbell rang, and his wife answered it. There stood a five-year-old girl, one of the helpers of the previous day. The little one smiled shyly and asked, "Can he come out to play?"

Frances Benson.

A teacher in the 3rd grade intercepted a pair of notes being passed between a little girl and the little boy seated just across the aisle from her.

"Dear Peggy," the boy had written. "I like you a lot. Do you like me? Love, Peter."

"Dear Peter," the girl had replied. "I do not like you. Love, Peggy."

American Weekly (2 March '58).

First Voice Across the Sea

The enthusiasm of the engineers of the first Atlantic cable outran their scientific knowledge

THE RECENT placing in operation of the first transatlantic telephone cable reminds the world that it was only a century ago that the first telegraph cable was laid across the Atlantic. Before then, there was no way whatsoever of sending a message from Europe to the U.S. in much less than two weeks' time.

The story of the pioneering Atlantic cables is an example of Victorian engineering enthusiasm outrunning scientific knowledge. After the laying of the first telegraph cable between England and France in 1850, companies were quickly formed to exploit this new means of communication. During the next few years, cables enmeshed all Europe.

Some worked, but others failed after a few days or weeks of operation. Usually the fault lay in design or materials; really pure copper was then a novelty, and it was not realized how seriously even slight impurities could affect its conducting power. Insulating materials also varied greatly from batch to batch, and the standards of workmanship left



much to be desired. The general feeling in the early days was that all you had to do to make a submarine cable was to take any piece of wire that happened to be handy and encase it in gutta-percha; the marvel is that many of the cables made on this haphazard principle actually did work.

Sometimes disaster was not the fault of the telegraph engineers (who were busily learning their trade by trial and error at the expense of their unfortunate clients). The first English Channel cable was promptly hooked by a fisherman who brought

*575 Madison Ave., New York City 22. Nov. 5, 1957. © 1957 by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

it up with his anchor line and set a precedent that has plagued the telegraph companies ever since. Thinking he had discovered a remarkable new form of seaweed with a copper core, he cut out a sample to show to his friends—leaving the English Channel Submarine Telegraph Co. to find another £15,000 (say \$100,000 in today's money) to try again.

An even more farcical fate overtook one of the first attempts to lay a cable across the Mediterranean. The British cable-laying ship had to depend on the navigation of its French escort; its own compass was useless because of the iron in the cable it was carrying. During the later stages of the crossing, the British captain suspected that he was off course. On communicating his doubts to his escort, he was airily told, "We know where we are." So he continued to pay out cable—and was left holding the end ten miles from Africa.

He hung on desperately for five days, telegraphing urgent appeals for the extra cable mileage to be rushed out to him, but the cable finally parted before help could arrive. What happened to the French navigator has not been recorded.

Despite such setbacks, only seven years lay between the spanning of the English Channel by telegraph and the first attempts to lay a cable across the Atlantic. The prime mover in this ambitious enterprise was a wealthy American merchant, Cyrus W. Field, whose enthusiasm and drive were largely responsible for

success—nine years and several million dollars later. Success would no doubt have come sooner, and at much less cost, if Field had not been quite such a human dynamo.

It took him only a few weeks, at the end of 1856, to raise the necessary £350,000 of capital, then an enormous sum, and to launch the Atlantic Telegraph Co. As usual, skeptics abounded. Not a few scientists were prepared to prove that it was impossible to send enough current over 2,000 miles to work a telegraph instrument.

The company replied to the scoffers by appointing Prof. William Thomson a director. That action was one of its more fortunate; the great Lord Kelvin, as Thomson later became, was to dominate physical science in the years ahead and would revolutionize both the theory and practice of telegraphy.

Kelvin was a phenomenon such as will probably never be seen again. He was a superb mathematician and a brilliant inventor, as if the talents of an Einstein and an Edison had been combined in one man. The Atlantic Telegraph Co. needed every bit of his skill in the heartbreaking years ahead.

Unfortunately, in their haste, Field and the other directors at first paid less attention to Thomson than to their chief electrician, Dr. Edward Orange Wildman Whitehouse, who had some theories of his own about telegraphic transmission and the working of submarine cables. White-

house had been a doctor of surgery, not of science, but in view of his subsequent handling of the cable it was just as well for suffering humanity that he had abandoned medicine for the new field of tele-communications.

So that the cable would be ready for laying before the autumnal storms made the sea too rough, it was rushed to completion in the incredibly short time of six months. No proper tests were made before the 2,500 tons of armored wire were sent to sea. Half of it traveled in H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, the other half in the U. S. frigate *Niagara*, for there was no ship available that could carry the entire cable. Sailing from Plymouth, England, the *Niagara* was to pay out her cable, and in mid-Atlantic splice the end into the cable aboard the *Agamemnon*, which would finish the job.

The 1857 expedition never got that far. Only 334 miles out from Ireland the cable parted in water more than two miles deep. There was nothing to do but go home and manufacture some more. After returning to Plymouth, the ships unloaded the remaining cable, which was not improved by lying around in the open while an extra 700 miles of it was made.

The first 1858 attempt was no more successful. This time the ships started in mid-ocean and sailed in opposite directions, but the cable parted several times, and they once again had to quit. But in August the third expedition was successful; the

Niagara, sailing westwards, landed her end of the cable at Newfoundland on the same day that the *Agamemnon* arrived at Ireland.

Great was the rejoicing on both sides of the Atlantic, and the chief engineer of the company, Charles Bright, was knighted at the early age of 26. Unfortunately, the celebrations were slightly premature, as the electricians working on the line had good reason to know.

The cable was full of faults; it was five days before any intelligible words could be transmitted through it, and the transcript of the 23 days of actual use is a record of frustration. For the first week all that was sent across the Atlantic were such pathetic messages as: "Repeat, please"; "Please send slower"; "Please say if you can read this"; or, as a final despairing cry, "Please send something." There were days when fewer than 50 words were transmitted; it took the operators as long to send a congratulatory message from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan as air mail would now require.

During the entire working life of the cable, only a couple of thousand words were sent in either direction, and at the end of three weeks the signals gradually faded out until the line became completely dead. There was no single cause of failure; indeed, on reading the report of the subsequent committee of inquiry one feels that the real mystery is that the cable ever worked at all. Faulty design, mechanical and electrical mis-

handling, poor insulation, damage by weather—all these contributed to the expensive disaster, which cost the company no less than £500,000 (over \$3 million).

The main scapegoat to emerge was the chief electrician. In an attempt to get signals through the failing line, Dr. Whitehouse had replaced the 100-volt batteries with huge induction coils of his own design, capable of producing many thousands of volts. This treatment almost certainly hastened the cable's final breakdown by burning out the faulty insulation, but it is only fair to say that the end would have eventually been the same in any case.

After the short-lived triumph of the first Atlantic cable, 1858 was a black year for submarine telegraph companies. An even more expensive line from England to India failed with a total loss of £800,000, and such was the general outcry from the public and the battered investors that the British government set up a committee to look into the whole subject of submarine cable construction.

The report finally submitted by this committee, which appeared in 1861, is one of the most monumental productions of Her Majesty's Stationery office: it runs to more than 500 foolscap pages, well over half a million words, of small print; but even so is a fascinating epitome of the status of electrical engineering at the middle of the 19th century. Such fundamental units as volts, amperes, and ohms were unknown; the elec-

tricians talked in terms of so many Daniell's cells, or deflections of so many divisions on a particular galvanometer. In such a primitive state of the art (imagine trying to specify the design of a house and all its fittings without using any agreed units of measurement!) it was not surprising that experts contradicted each other.

In the resulting arguments, Professor Thomson invariably annihilated the opposition. He remarked, apropos of a proposal by one inventor to make a cable with the strengthening steel wires on the *inside*, "It is about as well planned as an animal with its brains outside its skull." And of the unfortunate Dr. Whitehouse's patent relay, which was intended to write down the telegraphed messages automatically, he gave this flattering testimonial: "I find all together two or three words and a few more letters that were legible, but the longest word which I find correctly given is the word *be*."

The 1861 report, with its mass of technical evidence, marked the transition of submarine telegraphy from guesswork into science. It encouraged the frightened capitalists to sink another £600,000 into the Atlantic once more, and the new cable was far more carefully designed, constructed, and tested than its predecessors.

By 1865 the newly formed Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Co. had everything ready for another attempt to link the conti-

nents. One stroke of luck made success more probable: the world's largest ship, the *Great Eastern*, was now unemployed (after ruining her shareholders) and was thus available for carrying the cable. It was, therefore, no longer necessary to run the tremendous risks involved in using two ships.

Despite better cable, improved laying techniques, and a more suitable ship, the 1865 expedition did not succeed. The cable was lost in mid-Atlantic waters two miles deep. However, there was one faint ray of hope. The *Great Eastern* had succeeded in grappling the loose end on the seabed, but did not have powerful enough tackle to raise it. She marked the place, however, and sailed back to England.

At this point, you must feel something like awe for the courage and enterprise of the promoters. When most men would have been prepared to give up, they decided to aim even higher. They proposed to use the *Great Eastern* to lay an entire new cable the following year; and then to send her to grapple the broken cable and splice in a new portion, thus

completing a *second* circuit across the Atlantic.

Incredibly enough, the extra £500,000 was raised, and the plan went ahead. This time it succeeded completely. By the end of 1866, not one, but two, submarine cables connected Europe and America, and the New and Old Worlds were at last firmly linked. The modern era of submarine telegraphy had begun, and soon the Atlantic seabed was liberally festooned with cables. Most of them ran between Ireland and Newfoundland, but some direct between continental Europe and the U. S.

This cable system has served the world, with improvements in design but not in principle, for almost a century. Some of the conductors laid down 90 years ago are still in use, modern terminal equipment enabling them to be operated at far higher speeds than their designers ever imagined for them. Whereas the first Atlantic cable could transmit about 25 words a minute (but seldom achieved a tenth of this speed) the latest cable can handle 400 words a minute, printing them automatically as the messages are received.

BONE OF CONTENTION

A man took his Great Dane to a veterinarian. "Doctor," he said, "you've got to do something. This dog spends nearly all his time chasing sports cars."

"Well, that's only natural," replied the vet. "Most dogs chase cars."

"Yes," the man agreed. "But Gordon here catches them and buries them in the back yard."

Wall Street Journal (10 March '58).

By Howard Fast
*Condensed from "The Naked God"**



The Uneasy Life of the Communist Party Leader

He has to be careful, correct, and occasionally sharp

When the contents of Khrushchev's "secret" speech to the 20th Party congress became known, with its admission of appalling inhumanity at the highest levels in the USSR, Howard Fast saw the Communist party as it really was. He decided to get out. In *The Naked God*, he tells his story. He emerges as still clinging to as much of the wreckage of the Marxist philosophy as he can salvage. This is a psychological state which those who have never been communists should try sympathetically to understand.

Douglas Hyde in *America* (18 Jan. '58).

THE KHRUSHCHEV secret report on Stalin's crimes was published in the *New York Times* on June 5, 1956. The next day the staff of the *Daily Worker* met. We had all read the speech. The somber terror of it was in our eyes and on our faces, and now the discussion was whether or not to print it in the *Worker*.

Few of us were any longer young. Most of our adult lives had been given to this movement. All of us

had made great sacrifices, accepted war and prison and poverty, faced death on one occasion or another. Here were brilliant careers given up, success and wealth bypassed by some, respect and honor abandoned by others, all of us together in a tiny minority group that had been hounded and persecuted for a decade, all of us driven by and wedded to the splendid dream of brotherhood and justice, which even now flickered fitfully.

I rose and said, "I wonder if there is any comrade here who can say now, out of what we know and have seen, that if our own party leaders had the power of execution, he or she would be alive today?"

They all looked at me, but no one broke the silence. We had come to the end of a road, and we knew by what grace we were alive.

That terrible, terrible secret speech became a reality for us—not because of what had happened in Russia, but because of our experience here in

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the Communist Party of the U. S.

It is the party leader, not just Stalin, who has dirtied history. No matter how small his particular party, he has the "spiritual" rewards of a head of state whose rule is absolute. He is final judge and he is the final appeal. He can make absolute decisions and he can command servile obedience. He can gorge his ego.

Given all this, he must also be driven by a lust for power; for there are few other rewards for party leadership. The pay is poor, the privileges petty, the dangers great, and the struggle long. But the reward of power is enormous; and since power is the drug, the spur, and the goal, it is no accident that his own comrades described Stalin as paranoiac.

Given a situation where godhood and leadership tend to coincide, where power is the ultimate reward as well as the food of the journey, the paranoiac almost always wins out. It is his particular sick hunger that is allayed, his particular awful lust that is fired and fed, and his particular organization of personality that is satisfied with the ultimate plate.

Let some call such men great; the world has paid an enormous price for their "greatness."

The party leader is not a very impressive man, for he gives you to understand that in the party, men are not judged by bourgeois standards. He has a cold and aloof quality; none of the warm handshake and open heart. He is a careful man; he

chews his words before saying them.

When asked his opinion on any subject, providing the question comes from an important source, he assumes an attitude, and, talking not to you but through and beyond you, declaims the proper one of some few dozen opinions he is always officially provided with. When this opinion deals with anything but the party line, it is an equivocation. Within the party line, it is the gobbledygook that is his substitute for the normal language of his native land.

At a meeting, he is careful to be the last speaker—unless there is present a leader higher in the ladder of command. In that case, he will bow to authority and be the next to last speaker; although, if he is on the power-make, he will use every trick to jockey for final position.

Since fully three quarters of his life is passed sitting at meetings, the tactic of final position assumes very considerable importance. There are two reasons for this. 1. It gives the leader an opportunity to assert his importance and aloofness, for the very act of listening so long presupposes certainty. 2. It allows him to weigh the relative strength and position of the contenders in any argument, to carefully gauge which is the side most likely to succeed, and then to join them with the knockout blow toward weakness. He is out to establish a score for "correctness"; this is the accepted goal: after all, wasn't Stalin always correct?

His carefulness is exhibited when-

ever he speaks or writes. He eschews original opinions as the devil himself; he restricts himself to areas of proven safety, where Marx or Lenin can be quoted to back up his position. At infighting, he watches the people on his side build an attack, and then he uses all the points presented to devastate. He always builds bridges, for he is not one to go it alone. "As Comrade So-and-so pointed out," he is fond of beginning—for Comrade So-and-so will remember and return the favor when needed.

His high moment comes when he feels that it is safe to be "sharp" with an opponent. Such a moment comes when his opponent in a discussion or policy meeting is either witless enough or honest enough to persist against the majority.

The leader does not become sharp unless he is absolutely certain that his opponent is sunk, outclassed, and isolated; for there is a certain danger in being "sharp," and many a party leader tumbled in the running because he tried "sharpness" before a situation for sharpness had developed.

Usually, the leader will wait until one or two others on his side have prepared the ground with degrees of "sharpness," after which he wades in for the kill. Now no holds are barred, and the man of ice and reserve allows passion to take over.

He is withering in his scorn, contemptuous in his sarcasm, and terrifying in his condemnation. In a land where he is the power, he reads a

prelude to prison or death, fairly swelling with righteous wrath and purity; in a capitalist country, he is limited to moral destruction—and as he conceives the needs of this objective, he proceeds to humiliate his opponent, or unseat him, or make him an outcast, or require penitence and a plea for forgiveness, or lay the groundwork for expulsion.

He learns a bag of tricks which he uses with tiresome regularity. When he must listen to a discussion totally beyond him and on which he can have no safe opinion (and this is often the case) he puffs his pipe knowingly, and never says a word. When the chairman of the meeting inquires deferentially whether the leader would not like to make a contribution or sum up, he shakes his head tolerantly. This conveys the impression that, in his wisdom, he has decided that it will benefit the others to work this out for themselves. It also establishes his reputation as a democratic fellow who does not impose his opinions at all times.

The drive toward omniscience, which runs like a thread through every action of his life, begins to develop within him a conviction of omniscience; his total mental process is now so structured as to make it impossible for him to face the fact that he is wrong. He operates within the bitter party remark, "Well, comrade, let's self-criticize you." He knows that Marxism is the "indispensable key to all questions."

He is just sufficiently above man.

When favors are done for him, or kindnesses expressed toward him, he does not thank the donor. This is bourgeois. He is the party; the act of giving and taking is part of the political "reality."

He has over the past years lost all power to indulge normal human sentiment. His "carefulness," his "correctness," his fear of slipping in the ascent, the mistrust which lines the road to power—all these combine to cripple his ability to be at ease in the presence of other human beings.

He has no friends. Long ago he convinced himself that equalitarianism and "democratic centralism" are incompatible. To admit of friends would be to admit of equality, and thereby the magic-autocratic nature of his position would be impaired. Other reasons make friendship impossible. Friendship requires small talk, and small talk is a luxury the leader can no longer permit himself. He has eschewed it for too long, in the knowledge that uninhibited talk is dangerous.

He talks only "politically." In the party it is said of the leader, in terms of the highest praise, "He thinks politically." This means that any and every incident of life is fitted into gobbledygook. It also means that the leader cancels out his own impressions and reactions as a human being.

The leader is married, but only a handful of the rank and file have ever seen or met the drab, colorless, tired woman who is his wife. When he appears at social functions of the

party, or when he is invited to an outside social function, diplomatic or otherwise, as a representative of the party, he almost always comes alone.

This is a "political" function, and he does not involve his wife in it. On rare occasions when his wife is present, she is mute. She may say, "Thank you," or nod, but she does not venture any opinions of any kind. It is taken for granted that she is not "politically" on a level with her husband. Apparently no one in the party knows whether the leader has children or what they are like; the subject is tactfully avoided.

This is the only area in the entire communist mythology where the leader will permit himself the exercise of humor. He makes it plain that however much he may be the cold and stern apostle of the future in all other matters, when it comes to women, he is just a plain, solid, down-to-earth, old-fashioned citizen.

I cannot resist recalling the arrival of the Soviet delegation of intellectuals for the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace that was held at the Waldorf in 1949. Alexander Fadeyev, the Russian writer, was the political head of the delegation.

During the progress of the writers' panel of the conference, he was asked directly by Mary McCarthy and some of her friends to explain what had happened to a number of Soviet writers, whom they carefully named. He not only gave his solemn

word as a Soviet citizen that all of the named writers were alive and well, but he brilliantly ticked off the titles and descriptions of the book that each particular writer was engaged upon. He told where the writers lived, when he had seen them, and even repeated details of their merry reaction to the "capitalist slander" that they were being persecuted.

So smooth and so ready was his rejoinder, so rich was the substance of his quickly supplied background, that one might well credit him with more creative imagination than he had ever shown in his books.

As chairman of the panel, I was quite naturally provoked that Miss McCarthy and her friends should so embarrass this distinguished guest. His conviction and meticulous sincerity were above suspicion, and I think, if I remember correctly, that not only I but Miss McCarthy and her friends were at least in some measure convinced that he spoke the truth. Like me, how could they possibly have believed that a man would create such a monstrous and detailed lie and expect it to hold water?

Yet that is precisely what it was, as I learned through the testimony

of Polish and Russian communist sources eight years later; and all the men Fadeyev had spoken of so casually and lightly and intimately were, at the time he spoke, either dead from the torture chambers of the secret police or by firing squads, or being tortured and beaten in prison—to die later.

Still, Fadeyev was less than the typical party leader, even though he was the "boss" of all Soviet writers and a member of the Central committee of the Soviet party. Degraded, his conscience and soul warped all out of shape, hammered into such a hellish image by the movement that once dedicated itself to the salvation of mankind, he remained a writer, a creator, still knit by threads to the agony and passion of mankind.

This the party could not undo, and after listening to Khrushchev's secret speech at the 20th Congress, Fadeyev looked into the same dark and monstrous mirror that confronted all of us who still maintained a connection with mankind. What he saw must have been terrible, indeed, for he went home, opened a bottle, and remained drunk for 12 days. Then he took a revolver and shot himself through the head.



SHOP TALK

A doctor was complaining about his auto-repair bills. "Why, you mechanics are coming to charge almost as much as we doctors," he said.

"You're probably right," replied the mechanic. "But remember—we have to learn to fix a new model every year. You guys are still working on the same old model that's been going since Adam!"

Pageant (April '58).

School for Temper Keeping

Management and labor learn sweet reasonableness in Father Comey's Institute of Industrial Relations

A GRIEVANCE meeting was near the table-pounding stage in a Philadelphia plant. Representatives of both labor and management were growing belligerent, though only a relatively minor issue was at stake.

Suddenly a shop steward winked at his associates along the union side of the table, and said, "See that supervisor over there? Well, he'll sound just as stupid as I will trying to explain this uproar to Father Comey."

Caught off guard, the supervisor flushed, then grinned. The general laughter that followed cleared the air. Everyone who had made intemperate remarks now tried to explain them away. Then they all got back to the grievance and resolved it, on its merits, in short order.

The reference to Father Dennis J. Comey, S.J., that had saved the day was more than a mark of respect to a well-loved priest. It was a testimonial to the widening influence of the St. Joseph's College Institute of Industrial Relations, founded by Father Comey in 1943 as a new approach to labor-management problems.



Both the supervisor and the shop steward had studied at the institute. They had been taught to avoid the very mistake they had made early in the meeting: approaching their differences with rancor instead of reason.

Tensions in industrial relations often stem from friction between a supervisor who is trying to maintain a production schedule and a shop steward who is protecting his fellow unionists' rights. At the institute, both men get a two-sided story, and come to appreciate their common stake in industry.

"Why do you want to enroll?" Father Comey once asked a shop steward.

*Lackawanna 18, N.Y. January, 1958. © 1958, and reprinted with permission.

"It's this way, Father," the man explained. "Two years ago I had a run-in with our supervisor, and he had me up for it. Well, he came here last September and we've gotten along better ever since. If your classes can help that guy, they sure can help me!"

But the institute goes far beyond merely teaching let's-be-pals lessons. It instills a desire for industrial justice by means of thorough training in ethics.

The success of its two-way approach is dramatized in its panel teams. A faculty member moderates advanced-student groups. Teams of four are assigned to represent labor, management, government, and the public. The teams make 20 appearances a year before labor and management groups, at Knights of Columbus and Holy Name society meetings, and other similar gatherings. Topics for discussion usually come out of current headlines.

A member of the audience may ask why the United Auto Workers are making a certain demand. The faculty moderator says, "Mr. Jones will give the UAW position." The explanation may involve contract history, but whatever form it takes, the demand will be placed in its proper setting. A counterquestion may focus on why the industry refuses to concede a particular point. Mr. Smith is assigned the explanation. And so it goes. By the time the session ends, the audience has a balanced picture of the issues.

Then comes the surprise. The moderator identifies his panelists by occupation. And the audience is startled to discover that Mr. Jones, who gave the union's position so impressively, is actually a management executive, whereas Mr. Smith, who outlined management's side with equal effectiveness, heads a local union.

The institute is so solidly established that both labor and management groups cooperate eagerly. Both are proud of their representatives in the student body and on the unusual faculty. The lay teachers consider it a privilege to teach, without salary. Like their students, they report nightly after a full day's work in their regular occupations.

One teacher, Robert G. Kelly, made a hurried business trip to New York and returned to find heavy snow falling in Philadelphia. He barely reached the college in time. As he shed his soggy topcoat in the corridor, Father Comey came along.

"Father," said Mr. Kelly, "if you were paying us for teaching, there wouldn't be enough money in Philadelphia." Then he added enthusiastically, "But we'll have a wonderful discussion period tonight."

The free night school has no restrictions as to sex, creed, or occupation, and no academic prerequisites. It is an independent unit of St. Joseph's, a 106-year-old Jesuit college. As a result of its labor-management program, St. Joseph's was one of five Catholic colleges honored by Free-

doms Foundation for contributions to the American way of life in 1957.

Father Comey constantly seeks to broaden the curriculum, but not unless he finds exactly the right teacher. In one case, he tailored a course to a talent. Arthur Seagrave-Daly, who is interested in the position of the individual in a machine age, teaches a course called "Threats to Freedom." Seagrave-Daly was educated at Oxford. Father Comey's own doctorate is from the Pontifical Gregorian university. The faculty ranges from men with advanced degrees to those with limited formal education but unusual practical experience.

In 1949-1950, Father Charles McGuire, S.J., visited classes at the institute and then founded the Catholic Labor school in Toronto. A similar visit by Father John Schassing, S.J., led to the opening of a school in Vienna. Another student of the institute, Father John Schiffer, S.J., the "Hiroshima priest" who witnessed the atomic bombing, has taken techniques learned at the school back to Japan.

The inspiration for the institute came indirectly from Pope Pius XII. In response to the Holy Father's appeal for direct action in the social order, the Jesuits held a national meeting in 1943. Father Comey studied labor and management schools as recommended there, but he was not satisfied.

"Neither type of school can do the job," he objected. "How can we expect management and labor to nego-

tiate fairly and reasonably if their representatives can't even study together?"

Labor and management are natural partners, and must operate as an "economic family," he argued. If a family that prays together stays together, why cannot an economic family that studies together stay together in negotiations?

"The approach to human values is materialistic and earthy in both companies and unions," he pointed out. "They need a basic philosophy of life. We can teach a Catholic philosophy. That is our strength."

At first, he met skepticism. Some persons regarded him as a theorist who did not understand practical problems.

He started with higher union offi-

LABOR SCHOOLS OUTMODED?

Institutes of industrial relations constitute the one instrument of social action in this country which has succeeded best in making and maintaining contact with the workers and some segments of management, both Catholic and non-Catholic. If we are to keep that contact, improve it, and make it more effective, we can neither abandon the approach that has brought it about nor so modify the program as to jeopardize the potential of the future.

William Smith, S.J., in
Social Order (Dec. '57).

cials. "They could really help us or hurt us, we knew," he recalls. "These men influence the rank and file. They cooperated by giving us mailing lists of officers in various locals."

It was a "bit more difficult" with management. "Generally, the worker is more avid for education than his employer," Father Comey explains. "The latter may fear that such training is a threat to his traditional prerogative. However, by seizing every opportunity to address management groups, I was able to allay any suspicion that the school would be one-sided."

Fortunately, Father Comey is the kind of man who is equally at home with an executive in a luxurious office or a worker on a ship. Three months of recruiting netted 26 students. Today, the institute regularly has more than 300.

Father Comey's schedule during those recruiting days was light compared with what it is now. He still interviews every student applicant, selects every member of the faculty, and teaches a key course in ethics. He puts in arduous hours in a role that has brought him national attention, as permanent labor arbitrator of the port of Philadelphia.* He writes a crisp, forceful column for four Catholic weeklies. He is on the national panel of the American Arbitration association, and is in constant demand in Philadelphia as arbitrator for steelworkers, papermakers,

textile workers, barbers, truck drivers, policemen, and firemen.

In 1954, a ten-year enrollment breakdown at the institute showed that there had been a total of 1,673 students from 425 corporations. Of the total, 826 were union members and 495 were representatives of management. Women numbered 358.

Occupations of members of the faculty have included: priest, doctor, lawyer, insurance executive, union official, personnel director, public-relations expert, State department attaché, ex-big-league pitcher, newspaper financial editor, accountant. Significantly, men from both faculty and student body have left for seminaries, all the better prepared to handle future parish problems.

Father Comey has perpetually sought new features to keep enthusiasm glowing. "A free, noncredit night school has to be vibrant and varied," he says. "It needs a lure. One of our devices is a 'chatter sheet,' mailed each week to every student. It carries classroom announcements and encouraging items about the success of our students.

"It is not uncommon for a free night school to lose 50% of the students who enroll. Happily, our leakage is only 30%."

The institute's debating activities and panel activities have been additional lures, since they provide incomparable training in public speaking. Another attraction is a placement bureau. And Father Comey also has a social program. A Christ-

*See *Father Comey: Labor Umpire*, CATHOLIC DIGEST, August, 1954, p. 32.

mas party closes the first term each year; a student dinner in tribute to the faculty, the second term.

A single issue of *Insight*, a paper published by institute students, has reported two typical incidents: a student's naming his son after Father Comey, and Father Comey's officiating at the marriage of two students who met at the institute.

The homey note is most agreeable to the priest. He himself was the eldest of 13 children in a happy, energetic Philadelphia family. At least once a week someone remarks to him, "Father, as the eldest of 13 children, you must have been the peacemaker."

"No," he replies. "I was the troublemaker."

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Many of our English words have come from the names of persons or places. Below in Column A are words that have some connection with various areas, towns, cities, or countries of the world. Can you match these words with their meanings in Column B?

Column A

1. *laconic*
2. *currant*
3. *alabaster*
4. *lansdowne*
5. *limerick*
6. *sybarite*
7. *italics*
8. *sardonic*
9. *gasconade*
10. *canter*
11. *port*
12. *marathon*

Column B

- a) Finely woven silk and wool named for an English town.
- b) Easy gallop; after pace of pilgrims who rode to this city.
- c) Saying much in a few words; after ancient Greek city known for concise speech.
- d) Any endurance contest; a long-distance race commemorating reputed feat of a Greek messenger.
- e) Particular kind of grape named for Grecian city.
- f) Five-line nonsense poem named for a county of Ireland.
- g) White marble-like substance possibly named after ancient city.
- h) A pleasure seeker; after ancient Greek city in Sicily famed as a center of pagan luxury.
- i) Blustering talk; after inhabitants of French province made famous by their boasting.
- j) Bitterly scornful; sarcastic; possibly after plant whose taste supposedly caused facial distortions.
- k) Slanted type named for country in which first used.
- l) Sweet wine named for Portuguese city.

(Answers on Page 118.)

The 'New Look' at Our Convent

*When nuns don a streamlined headdress, some
difficult moments must be expected*

GEE, SISTER, you gotta crew cut!" That was only one of the startled (and startling) greetings that I had to face when my classes resumed after the Christmas holidays. I had to march into the classroom wearing the new coronet, or headpiece, which my Community (the Ursulines of Paola in Kansas) had donned with the new year.

Our old bonnet, inherited from French peasant ancestry, was large and boxy; it framed the face with an old-world starchiness that many people liked. For us who wore it, it could be bothersome to sew in, though it was easy enough to wear. Our new coronet is simple, modest, "humble-looking."

The change of style itself has not been a difficult experience, but coming back to school in mid-term with the New Look was a real trial by fire. Any nun who survived that ordeal deserves the Purple Heart.

I happened to meet one of our sophomores in a department store the Saturday before the close of the holidays. He is the kind of youngster who could shake the hand of a statue and get a friendly response. He did a double take; then, as we talked, he

looked at the floor, above my head, to the left, to the right, but never directly at me. Finally, I couldn't let him suffer any longer.

"Royce, you're a typical man!" I said. "For the first time in years I get a new hat, and you don't even notice."

"Oh, my gosh, is that it?" he exclaimed with considerable relief. "I thought you had forgotten something."

In our little Community, Reverend Mother had wanted to be sure that every Sister would be happy about any change in the habit. Among the Sisters there was a wide range of points of view. The middle-youthful section of the Community urged, designed, and hoped. The



older Sisters occupied various areas of opposition, from "I'll die in my holy habit" to "Well, show us some samples—if you dare."

The novices, who normally will wear the New Look longer than most of us, loved the habit they associated with their vocation, and were reluctant to change. Postulants were not consulted, but being postulants they voiced their hopes unasked: they wanted to be received into the "old habit," as it now was being called.

Committees, both lawfully appointed and self-appointed, got to work. Designs for headgear resembling poke bonnets, jockey caps, and beanies were produced, modeled, laughed over, and discarded. Finally, Reverend Mother announced that there would be a "style show" to help us arrive at a decision. The date: the day after the end of summer retreat. Now we were getting somewhere.

Seven Sisters modeled the new designs. Never were Powers models so scrutinized as these Sisters were. Every so often one of the models would remove her headdress to let some Sister with the "lean and hungry look" try it on. Then, to complete the test, a round-faced Sister would model it, too.

Most of the entries were well made and withstood the test of being transferred from one head to another. To my chagrin, my brain child (a simple white band with balance of veil) fell ingloriously over the nose of model No. 7.

The fashion show ended in voting and laughter, but there was still no action. The Ursulines, like Holy Mother Church, move slowly.

Then, at Christmas, came a letter from our superior. We would change with the new year, it said. A pattern had been chosen. It contained parts of all the best designs shown in August.

Everyone who could do so got home to the mother house for the holidays. The community room, festive with its huge fir tree emblazoned with lights and liturgical designs, had to take second place to the workshop. The measuring, cutting, punching, and fitting of the New Look was in full swing.

The oldsters who had hesitated no longer wished to die in their old bonnets. In fact, they were the first to wear the coronets into the refectory. One by one, the last critics changed their minds as they felt the comfort of the simple veil. Each evening saw a longer row of Sisters getting the "feel" of the new habit before actual Community adoption.

Then, on New Year's eve, came a beautiful admonition from our superior. "Tomorrow we will all appear on New Year's day in our new head-dress. May you wear it with joy and simplicity, and put aside any little woman's vanity that entered into the change. Let the change remind us that we must effect a change of heart also. We will do so by putting off the old self and putting on the new, by living every moment with Christ

in his mystical Body. As we worked together to make our new headdress, so may we continue to work during the year, selflessly pushing forward toward our common goal, the salvation of the souls of those entrusted to our care."

And so the new habit was blessed. We like it. In the new coronet, no rain can melt us, no ironing can scorch us. And no amount of kidding can put the old one back on us. The only thing that can make us cringe is a "Hollywood" remark ("You remind me of that nun in—you know, she played with Bing Crosby"). We

didn't want it to look pretty-pretty.

The major hurdle still had to be cleared: wearing the coronet back to school. Some pastors jumped the gun, and announced at Mass that "our Sisters are still 'our Sisters,' but they will come back after the holidays in a new garb." But for those of us who teach in a central high school there was no pastor to herald the change. We have had to face the curious, frank gaze of students who love us and feel appallingly at home with us; to face that unforgettable greeting, "Sister, you gotta crew cut!"



THE PERFECT ASSIST

My sister took Tim, her 3-year-old son, to Mass with her at Our Lady of Lourdes cathedral in Spokane, Wash. Tim grew restless during Mass, climbed out of the pew, and was halfway down the aisle before his mother missed him.

She didn't go after him, because she didn't want to disturb the congregation. Besides, she felt sure that he would be afraid to wander very far. But she was wrong. Tim, delighted with his new freedom, marched all the way to the Communion rail. He stood there for a long time, carefully studying every move the priest and the altar boys made.

Finally, just as my sister's mortification approached the bursting point, Tim turned around and strolled back to the pew. He was still unaware that he had drawn the attention of a large part of the congregation.

After Mass, my sister, still very much embarrassed, went to the sacristy and apologized to the priest who had been celebrant of the Mass.

"Why, don't worry about that," laughed the priest. "What happened? Your little boy came up and stood at the Communion rail. Wouldn't it be a blessing, now, if a great many people would be moved to follow his example!"

Leo M. Chandler.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

They told me my child was retarded

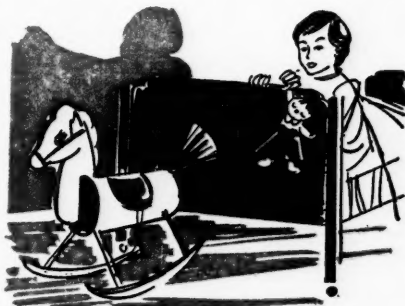
A mother tells of her long struggle to break through invisible barriers to her "hidden" child

I DECIDED that we could not use the front porch any more, Margaret and I. I wasn't going to have her sitting there in her buggy, which she should long ago have outgrown, playing with her hands and smiling to herself. She was so withdrawn that she didn't know one person from another, and did not hear me when I spoke to her.

The other mothers in the apartment building were showing open curiosity. I sensed their pity and that prideful comparison with their own normal children which is the other side of motherhood. (Didn't I know it? I'd been just as smug about our two boys, taking their extra height, weight, and brightness as my own personal achievements.)

Yet in spite of what the neighbors thought, in spite of what the doctor had told us, I still believed that Margaret was all right. My belief was not very strong. It was a tiny little flame, kept alive by Margaret's occasional flashes of normal behavior.

We had been told by a pediatrician that Margaret, at 18 months, was



permanently retarded. Like many other mothers facing a similar situation, I had stubbornly refused to accept such a diagnosis. Had we accepted it then and done nothing further for her, I don't doubt that Margaret would have continued to retreat into her private world, and what we know today as an emotional disturbance would have hidden her intelligence forever.

Margaret is four years old. In the intervening years we have had every possible diagnosis. An otologist pronounced her "profoundly deaf"; other hearing specialists said she was deaf because she was retarded.

Through the years a neuropsychiatrist observed her, keeping an open mind, and finally diagnosed her as autistic, or suffering from severe emotional disturbance.

Today she is an active little run-about. When she shows jealousy toward her brother, slipping her arms around my neck from behind and looking round into my face for her share of attention, I am thrilled. She loves pretty clothes and helps to dress herself. She likes to play with her brother and she minds her nursemaid better than she minds me.

Finding Margaret has been a lonely search so far, and it has certainly been a costly one. Although our income is better than average (my husband, Eric, is an engraver and I work as a legal secretary) we have had to put off buying a house year after year. We gave up the car long ago. We live, with Margaret and our other two children, Peter and Chris, in a four-room duplex.

Doctor bills for hearing tests, eye tests, and other services have sometimes swamped us. Extras like glasses, replacing the things that Margaret breaks, taxi fares, special toys, and records add to the burden. The rest of our earnings go to pay for a full-time nursemaid. But we still consider ourselves lucky. What parents of a retarded child would not give their all if they knew that in the end their child would grow up to be normal?

Margaret was very different from our two boys even as an infant. They

were friendly and cuddly. Margaret always hated being held. She never looked into my face. She did not smile until she was six months old, and then she smiled only to herself. She laughed alone in the dark at night.

Her solitary laughter made me uneasy, but not for some time did it occur to me that there was really anything wrong. I even took pride in her independence. But I had guilty doubts that I should ever love this cold little girl as I did Chris and Peter.

Margaret either did not do things at the normal age or did them very differently. She crept before sitting, instead of afterward. She would not stand at the normal age, even with help, but she could turn pages in a book months before the usual age. I stopped comparing her behavior with what the books said she should be doing. I didn't doubt Margaret, but I began to doubt the books. Of such stuff are mothers made.

Our pediatrician put an end to our complacency when he first suggested the terrifying possibility of mental retardation. Margaret was then 12 months old and strikingly indifferent to people.

We spent the next few months in suspense, always on the lookout for signs that the doctor could be wrong. At 15 months our little girl fed herself expertly with a spoon—once. She showed that she could associate in her mind pictures and matching objects by pointing from one to the

other. We doubted that a really retarded child could do such things at those ages.

Eric spent time with her every day, playing a game of Up and Down!—crouching down and jumping up at her cribside. Margaret loved the game, and for the first time laughed with a person and imitated him.

Encouraged by these signs, we asked for a definite diagnosis when she was 18 months old. We were sure that her real problem would be revealed in examinations. The doctor told me the result on the telephone: IQ 50, ineducable.

We mourned her, a child without a future. The fact that she was beautiful made it even harder to bear. For hours on end I would sit and look at her, trying to fathom what lay behind her bland smile and her elaborate finger play. It was many, many months before her father went back to playing with her. He could not bring himself to believe that there was any hope for her.

I could only cry over her, but I wouldn't accept the verdict. On impulse I telephoned the psychologist who had done the IQ test to see what she really thought of Margaret. She mentioned that Margaret had been unable to respond to any tests involving spoken directions. Suddenly I realized that I could not remember seeing Margaret startled by a noise.

Hopeful once again, we made an appointment with a children's hearing clinic where Margaret was ex-

posed to many sounds. Only a very intense sound would make her look around. We were told that this was a fairly reliable indication that her hearing was not good. We were given instructions on how to deal with the "deafness." We must not use gestures. We must get her to look at our faces instead, and use speech.

In the next few months Margaret continued to develop strange mannerisms: balancing objects on her thumb, poking her finger into holes, laughing, and playing with shadows. A pall of discouragement settled over us, and I began to read books on abnormal children.

We took Margaret to an eye specialist, who told us that she had been extremely nearsighted since birth. For months we had been trying to get her to read lips while she slipped farther and farther away from us. She was by then two years old.

She was due for another hearing test. When the ear specialist tested her this time, Margaret was so withdrawn that she did not respond to any sounds at all. We were told that Margaret only seemed deaf because she was retarded.

We wanted Margaret to learn to lip-read if she were deaf, and learn to use normal speech, not sign language, but we decided to disregard all the formal instructions we had received and attempt again just to get through to her. But now she seemed less conscious of the world about her than she had been. She was entirely mute, except for a few baby sounds.

Her head was down all the time. She would spend hours examining some little object.

She disliked interference so much that she would no longer let me feed her, and would take her baby foods only from the bottle. Family routine meant nothing to her. She would not sleep at night and could not be kept awake in the daytime. Any attempts to get her to follow a normal routine resulted in head-banging tantrums.

Our next step was to take her to a neuropsychiatrist. To my surprise, he agreed with me that we should not give up hope. He suggested that glasses might improve her contact with the world. He said you couldn't assess a two-year-old's intelligence if the child couldn't see or hear.

I had been thinking of going to work and hiring someone to look after Margaret. He thought the change would do us both good. It might even make Margaret more aware of people.

I took the first job I found. Getting a job so quickly boosted my bedraggled morale. In the week left before reporting for work I advertised for a nursemaid.

One of the applicants was an experienced Scottish woman, a Mrs. Craig. I explained Margaret's problem to her as best I could, not minimizing any of it. "I think I could be interested in the girl," was all she would say. She didn't promise anything.

I had failed so thoroughly myself that I didn't interfere with her man-

agement, but let her confident, affectionate attitude work its own way. She was firm and patient in routine situations, such as spoon-feeding and dressing. She made a game of teaching Margaret to overcome her fears.

Margaret had begun walking at 23 months, but her fear of falling soon made her give it up. Many more months were needed to overcome this extraordinary fear. Margaret would stiffen and scream when lifted off the floor. We bought a swing and glider in the spring with some of our new earnings. We had moved to a lower duplex which had its own fenced-in garden. Margaret soon took to the glider with the help of Peter, then aged five. She would fly through the air on it, shedding her fear, and laughing for the second time in her life in a normal situation.

Mrs. Craig gave Margaret walking lessons every day. We had at last got Margaret to accept her glasses. Perhaps this gave her confidence. One day I came home from the office to find Margaret walking to meet me. Her head was up at last, and she smiled into my face. But this was an isolated moment; Margaret continued to ignore faces again during lessons or when spoken to.

In September we took her to the school hearing clinic. Margaret investigated every nook and corner, and climbed into the audiometrist's lap. "Don't let anyone tell you this child is retarded!" the audiometrist said. She played records for Margaret.

The audiometrist offered her the earphones, but Margaret moved away from all sound, and apparently heard nothing. Her attention was so fleeting that she was still far from ready for school. We were told to train her to listen (if she had any hearing at all) by playing loud band music at home and getting her to march to it.

The next day I brought home a record of the *Duke of York Slow March*, put it on, and turned up the volume. I took Margaret's hand and she fell into step at once to the drums. It was with a thrill of triumph that the boys and I marched up and down the room with Margaret in the lead, keeping time.

We shopped for toys with a noise: bells, chimes, a Teddy bear that squeaked. We could now see that Margaret heard and enjoyed the sounds.

We had been giving her this auditory play for about one month when an astonishing thing happened. Margaret was exactly three when the auditory wall was suddenly breached and a flood of understanding came through to her.

For several days Mrs. Craig had been telling her, "Go and get your shoes," then taking her by the hand to the bedroom and pointing to them. Then, on her 3rd birthday, Margaret obeyed this command without being shown. I could hardly believe my eyes.

She now went up and down stairs using alternate feet, an impossible

task for a retarded child of her age. After a too-hot bath once, she took to feeling her bath water before getting in. She showed that she remembered a friend whom she had not seen for several months. She rode pickaback on Peter all around the house and played caboose to his engine. She would not touch Chris's books when he said No, and otherwise showed herself amenable to restraints.

Still, all was not well. Often she would place my hand on the door-knob to be taken out to the swing, then place my hands around her waist to be lifted onto it, not looking at me as she did so. She continued to turn away from faces much too frequently. She smiled to herself instead of responding when we spoke to her. She still amused herself by examining tiny objects. She would rock from side to side, or sit looking at her hands. She spoke very rarely, yet we knew that she could hear us when we spoke to her.

I began to worry again. What kind of school would she ever be ready for?

I went back to the neuropsychiatrist's office with Margaret and a sheaf of notes. The doctor explained to me about infantile autism, an extreme emotional disturbance which causes the child to become absorbed in phantasy, and not interested in reality. One typical symptom is disregard of persons and their voices. The child treats persons like objects, using their hands as tools, for example, to open a door. They treat

objects like persons, laughing at and playing with shadows. He suggested that she may not have been born autistic, but perhaps became so because of her poor sight.

What could we do about it? We had already done a great deal with little professional help. There is a small day center in our city where children like Margaret are given therapy. Each child has his own therapist, who works to establish communication so that the child will be prepared to go to school.

A short time ago there was a vacancy. Two children needed the place, Margaret and another four-year-old. The staff was forced to make a difficult decision. Margaret was not chosen.

We are still searching for help.

We feel that Margaret's future is much brighter than it might have been had she been born 15 years ago. Her condition might not then have been recognized; children like her usually spent their lives in mental institutions. Today, if they are lucky, autistic children are discovered earlier and their intelligence is unlocked by treatment.

Many thousands of children suffer from some form of emotional disturbance. Very few day-treatment centers are available, and children who need residential treatment are still waiting for children's hospitals. "The business of childhood is development," says Dr. Gesell. Time is not on the side of the emotionally disturbed child. That is why there is no time to fold hands in despair.

In Our Parish

In our parish the military chapel is interdenominational. Last Sunday, just after the Protestant service ended, the Catholic chaplain's assistant started to put the chapel in order for Mass. As he placed the portable holy-water fonts by the front door, one little Protestant girl asked her little companion, "What are those things?"

"Ash trays," the other little girl answered. "They smoke." Merlin C. Simpson.

In our parish Mr. Clark was reporting the day's news at the dinner table. "Do you know what I heard?" he told his wife. "Young Father Riordan has been transferred to another parish."

"Oh, that can't be!" interrupted ten-year-old Tommy. "Every day in school we pray, 'May the divine assistants remain always with us.'"

Sister Mary Diane, S.S.J.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Keep your medicine chest up-to-date

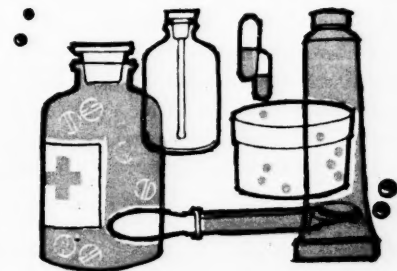
*Old pills for new ills
is a bad principle*

AMERICAN FAMILIES each year are throwing away millions of dollars' worth of medicine which could quite properly be kept for future use. And the same families are keeping vast quantities of medicine which should have been discarded long ago.

These are the chief findings of a nation-wide *Redbook* survey covering young urban families with small children.

One young woman in Wichita, Kan., reported that she throws away aspirin after a few weeks because "it loses its potency." Yet she thinks that vitamin preparations will last indefinitely. The lady is wrong on both counts.

Many of the housewives questioned clean out their medicine chests every few months, deciding which remedies to keep and which to throw away only after serious thought. But they were seldom sure how long each item had been on the shelf. Were those nose drops purchased last fall, or the fall before? Are those the pills we got when Jimmy had hay fever, or the ones we



bought when Sue had a sore throat?

Always jot the date of purchase on the label of every medicine you buy. Prescriptions are always dated, but remember that if you have a prescription refilled the date on the label is usually the date of the original prescription, rather than the date of purchase. It's best to write in the date of purchase yourself. Jot down the name of the medicine, if you know it, and the illness for which it is prescribed.

Unfortunately, few housewives have the knowledge necessary for deciding when, or whether, particular medicines should be thrown away.

To provide you with this information, *Redbook* consulted officials of the U. S. Food and Drug administration and the U. S. Public Health service, chemists and pharmacolo-

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. January, 1958. © 1958 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

gists who have studied the shelf life of drugs, and pharmaceutical firms which are constantly checking the life expectancy of their own products.

The data we have assembled is summarized in the chart accompanying this article. Post it inside your medicine chest or near the shelf where your medicines are kept. With the date of purchase on each item and the chart before you, deciding which medicines to discard should be a comparatively simple job.

Striking savings can be made on some drugs if large quantities are bought at a time. In one drugstore, for example, a certain liquid medicine costs 75¢ when dispensed in one-ounce bottles. But it costs only 85¢ for two ounces, \$1.25 for four ounces, or \$2 for eight ounces. Which size is the best buy? A glance at the chart can help you decide whether the "giant economy size" package is really a bargain or whether it contains more medicine than you will use before it should be thrown away.

Most remedies now in common use have a longer life expectancy than those which were popular years ago. Drugs made from plant extracts have been giving way to synthetic drugs, which are usually more stable. The packaging of medicines has greatly improved, too. Almost everything now comes in tightly capped containers which slow down deterioration.

But some common medicines still

have a relatively short shelf life. Antibiotics, for example, lose their strength with time—most liquid antibiotics quite rapidly; capsules and tablets, rather slowly. For this reason, pharmaceutical manufacturers are required by law to stamp an "expiration date" on the packages of such drugs.

Unfortunately, the expiration date is often stamped only on the druggist's package, which the consumer never sees, and not on the pharmacist's label. Ask your pharmacist to put the expiration date on the label whenever you buy a dated product from him.

A medicine can be sold only on prescription if there is evidence that its indiscriminate use without medical supervision can endanger health. There are many federal and state laws governing the manufacture and sale of prescriptions.

Fortunately, there were very few women in the *Redbook* survey like the young mother of three who told the interviewer, "If the prescription has really helped the person, I use the rest of it the next time someone is sick."

A prescription-only medicine is intended for use only after a doctor has diagnosed the illness. Two illnesses which may appear the same to a layman may be quite different, and a drug prescribed for one may be harmful if taken for the other. Even if the illness is the same, the proper dosage may differ considerably from one person to another.

There is only one safe rule to follow with such potent medicines: throw them away as soon as the patient has recovered from the illness for which the physician prescribed them.

Not all medicines bought with a doctor's prescription are in the prescription-only category. A physician may write out a prescription for ordinary medicine, like sunburn creams, cough syrups, or vitamin pills. He does so because he wants to order a particular brand of medicine to meet your special needs or because he wants the pharmacist to label the preparation with particular instructions for you, like "Take one pill with breakfast every day." To find out how long you should keep such preparations, ask your physician when he is writing out the prescription.

Most medicines bought without a prescription are the familiar brand-name products which Americans purchase in billion-dollar quantities each year. The basic problem of keeping or throwing away arises most often with these preparations. For instance, a number of housewives told *Redbook's* interviewers that they thought fizzy antacids like Alka-Seltzer could be kept only a few weeks. Properly stoppered to keep out moisture, such remedies may keep for several years. But if they get damp, the tablets start to fizz in the bottle and quickly lose their strength.

Some of the mothers interviewed

reported that they throw away nose drops "after a few weeks." Watery nose drops will last at least three or four months. Oily nose drops should last a year or longer. But before using them, be sure to read the precautionary instructions which accompany each package.

Eye drops are another source of confusion. Many housewives think that they "lose their strength" after a few weeks; others are convinced that they last indefinitely. The truth lies in between, and strength has little to do with the matter. Eye drops are sterile when they leave the manufacturer, but after you've opened the bottle a few times, the contents may become contaminated. Hence, authorities recommend that you discard eye drops whenever you notice cloudiness, sediment, or color change.

Although there are wide variations in the safe or useful shelf life of different medicines, there are some general rules which can be followed. The most important is: *Read the directions on the label and in the circular which accompanies most packaged medicines.* Keep the circular so that you can refer to it again when cleaning out your medicine chest.

Tablets and capsules tend to have a longer shelf life, if kept dry and not exposed to excessive heat, than liquid medicines. Greasy salves and ointments have a longer shelf life than creamy salves and ointments.

Most of the housewives inter-

viewed think that aspirin keeps indefinitely. That's true, if the tablets are kept dry. But if a little moisture gets into the bottle, the tablets may begin to crumble or may develop a strong vinegary odor, or tiny "whiskers" may begin to grow from the tablets or the surface of the bottle. If any of these changes occur, it is time to throw out the aspirin.

The alcohol in iodine tincture is likely to evaporate, leaving the solution too strong. This action can be delayed if the bottle is kept tightly stoppered.

Since the shelf life of vitamins varies widely, it is unfortunate that labels bearing expiration dates are not required on vitamins as they are on some of the prescription-only drugs. Some vitamin manufacturers do, however, voluntarily date their preparations.

When the time comes to discard a medicine, don't just drop it into the wastebasket or garbage can. Flush it down the toilet.

Medicine has a fascination for many children. We remember the day our four-year-old turned up with his pockets loaded with half-filled medicine bottles he had fished out of a neighbor's trash can. He hadn't "taken his medicine" yet, but he was just about to do so when we spotted him.

Where should medicines be stored? Most families keep them in the bathroom. It is hard to think of a worse place. The bathroom medicine chest is within easy reach of any

child big enough to crawl up onto the washbowl, and the mirror on the door is likely to attract him like a magnet. Heat and moisture speed up almost all chemical reactions and therefore hasten deterioration of most medicines. Bathroom and kitchen are the warmest and dampest rooms in most homes. Warmth and dampness also encourage growth of mold and thus shorten the useful life of some medicines.

Some medicines, like liquid vitamins, should be kept in the refrigerator. So should some hormones and many liquid antibiotics. When a label reads, "Keep under refrigeration," store the product in the main space of your refrigerator, *not* in the freezer. All refrigerated medicines should be tightly stoppered to keep out moisture.

If the instructions state, "Keep in a cool, dark place," refrigeration is ordinarily unnecessary. A "cool" place in pharmacists' language means one away from radiators and direct sunlight. Only if you live in a very hot climate is it necessary to refrigerate drugs so labeled.

Some drugs are impaired by exposure to light. Regulations require that such drugs be kept in light-resistant containers all the way to the drugstore. The pharmacist often dispenses such medicines in amber-colored light-resistant glass, but he isn't required to do so. A safe rule, therefore, is to store *all* medicines in a dark place.

Drug companies are constantly

trying to improve the shelf life of their products. But shelf life of your own medicines is largely up to you. You are robbing yourself if you store vitamins on the shelf above the stove or leave the cough syrup on the

window sill in the sunlight. If you remember to screw caps on tightly and store all medicines in a cool, dark place, well protected from moisture, almost all of them will stay safe and effective much longer.

Paste this chart inside your medicine chest.

SHELF LIFE OF COMMON MEDICINES

TABLETS AND CAPSULES: *In general, do not keep more than three years.*

ASPIRIN—Discard if a strong vinegary odor is noted or if tablets begin to crumble.

MULTIVITAMIN CAPSULES—Buy no more than a six-months' supply. (Older ones are safe, but may have lost strength.) Storage in refrigerator in tightly capped bottles delays loss of potency.

ANTACID TABLETS—Discard if tablets begin to crumble, or if those which are supposed to fizz in water do not bubble vigorously.

LIQUIDS: *In general, do not keep more than one year.*

LIQUID VITAMIN PREPARATIONS—Buy no more than a three-month supply. Keep tightly capped in refrigerator.

IODINE TINCTURE—Discard if normal yellow-brown color changes to deep brown or light yellow.

ARGYROL®—Discard after three months. (Newly developed Argyrol SS® lasts two years.)

MERCUROCHROME®—Lasts indefinitely.

MERTHIOLATE®—Lasts indefinitely.

OILY NOSE DROPS—Pay strict attention to instructions on bottle and in circular.

WATERY NOSE DROPS—Discard after three months or at time recommended in accompanying instructions.

EYE DROPS—Keep tightly capped; avoid contamination of dropper tip. Discard after three months, or earlier if cloudiness, sediment, or color change is noted.

COUGH SYRUPS—Keep tightly capped; discard if changes in appearance, taste, or odor are noted.

LIQUID INDIGESTION REMEDIES—Keep tightly capped; discard if changes in appearance, taste, or odor are noted.

GREASY SALVES AND OINTMENTS. *In general, do not keep more than two years.*

PETROLEUM JELLIES—Vaseline® and similar preparations can be kept indefinitely if they are stored in tubes or covered containers.

CREAMY SALVES AND OINTMENTS: *In general, do not keep more than one year. Discard if they become rancid, if ingredients separate or if other noticeable changes occur.*

INHALERS: *Follow instructions; most brands state that inhaler loses strength after three or four months.*

Discard any medicine which shows signs of deterioration, unless the accompanying instructions specify that changes in odor, taste, or appearance are harmless.

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By Tom Maloney
Editor, *U. S. Camera Annual*

Fine Pictures for 1958

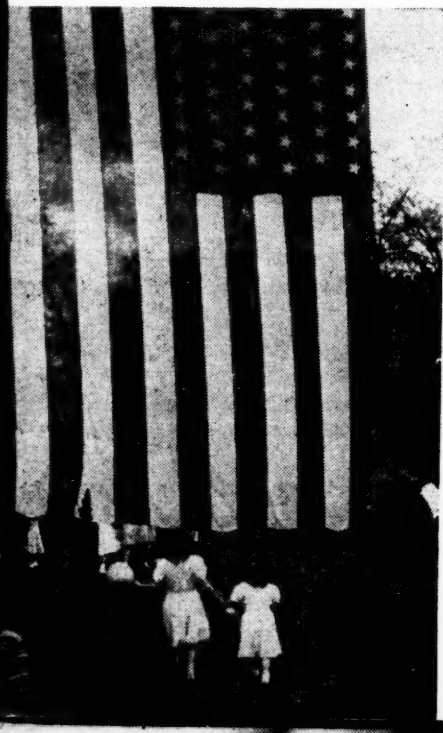
THE YEAR 1957 was a better than usual year for exceptional photographs. There were more good photo books, more good photo stories, and particularly more good color pictures. Unfortunately, we can't put them all into one picture story. Perhaps some of the really great scientific shots of the year should be here. But *U.S. Camera Annual* is made up mainly of just fine pictures that are easy to look at. So this selection for *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST* will not explore the depths of the ocean but just what can be seen of its sunny surface on a bright and breezy day.

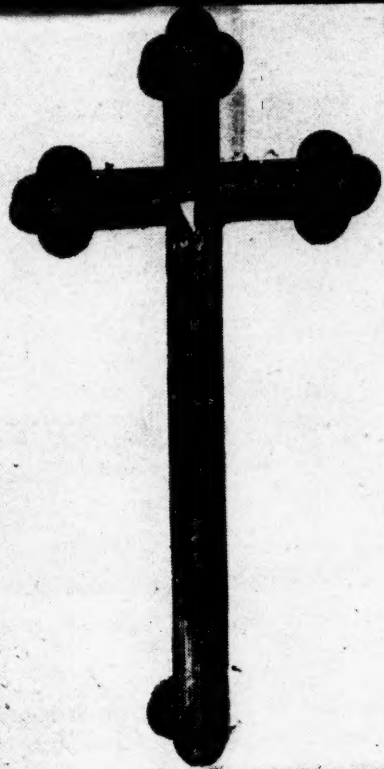


Robert Frank's picture of our flag is one in a series of American scenes taken last year on a Guggenheim fellowship. Frank, a Swiss by birth, has become one of the world's leading exponents of photography.



Italy's Gianni Borghesan was undoubtedly struck by the juxtaposition of the cross and the children playing ball, and used the cross as a symbol to give deeper meaning to his picture. Borghesan's fine work has appeared in the top European magazines, and he has exhibited in national and international shows.

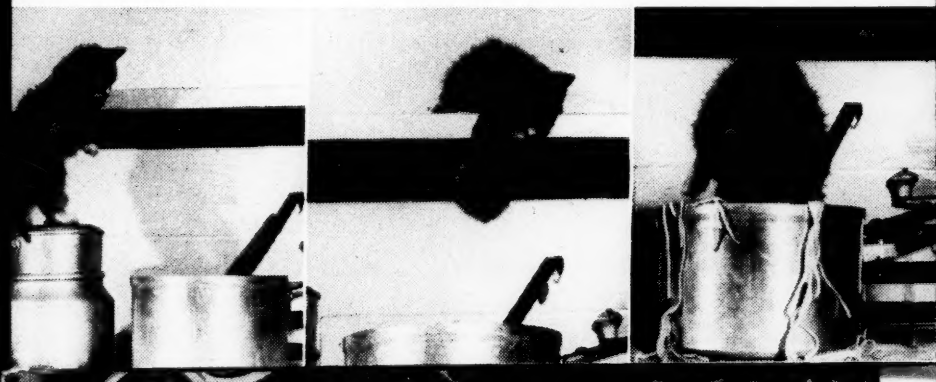






Gene Cook could not resist the beguiling charms of Carrie Fisher.

Exquisitely sensitive films and ultrapowerful lenses register new discoveries made with microscopes and telescopes, from bathyspheres and space balloons. But the favorite subjects of today are essentially the same as those of yesteryear. A child's appeal, captured by the simplest camera, still moves more hearts than a technically brilliant picture of a cold and complicated machine. The human eye quite often merely glances at an outstanding print of a deadly virus, but lingers over details of a pet's antics, casually registered by an amateur photographer. Automation has not stamped out the tenderness that ennobles mankind.





It takes a lot of imagination to dream up a picture like the one above. Lester Bookbinder was the creative photographer.



Ron Spillman and Jack Ramsay made this amusing sequence of Fluff, a kitten who was indeed endowed with a fat's curiosity.





This young vaquero did not wish to have his picture taken. So the emotion registered is as authentic as the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe in the background. Max Scheler made this shot on a trip to Mexico.

The sleek and streamlined 60,000-ton monster tapers to a slender warship's stem. Barrett Gallagher photographed the aircraft carrier Forrestal as she prepared for her first sea trial, next page, lower left.



This unposed picture, above left, speaks for itself. Johnny Moncada, fearful of gypsy abuse, stayed out of sight to get this shot.

Joern Gerds has captured a wonderful freshness in his photo of two youngsters sharing a drink of water on a hot summer day.

Inspired by the performance of the prima ballerina Denise Laumer, Liselotte Strelow hurried backstage to make this high-key picture.

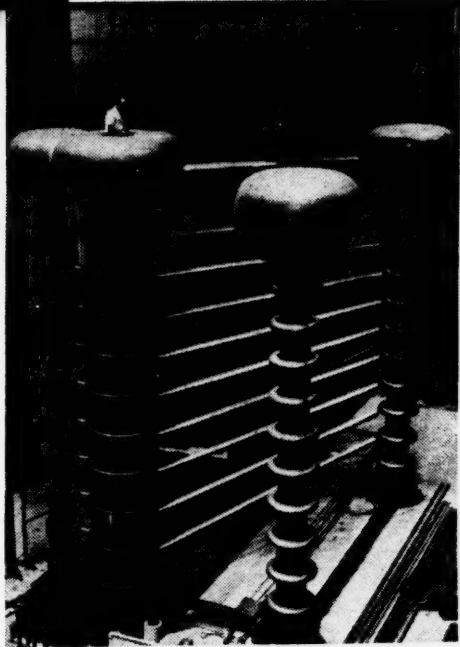




Cardinal Mindszenty wearily turns to go inside after blessing visitors from the balcony of his palace. Many great pictures were taken during Hungary's fierce fight for freedom. This is one of them.

On assignment for America Illustrated, a magazine circulated by the U. S. in Russia, Rollie McKenna made this shot of a giant X-ray machine while manipulating herself and camera on a narrow catwalk.

The majestic United Nations building, capitol now of freedom-loving peoples all over the world, is an outstanding example of the photographic work executed daily by the New York Port Authority.





When Kids Pretend

*Getting to know Johnny's
imaginary friends can help
you understand Johnny*

HOPPALER came to live with the Robinsons shortly after Johnny's 3rd birthday. Most of the time he slept in the big tree in their back yard, but occasionally he preferred Johnny's room. Mrs. Robinson always knew when Hoppaler had stayed the night, because on these occasions he threw Johnny's clothes around on the floor.

Hoppaler looked rather like Johnny's five-year-old brother, Bruce, but there the resemblance ended. Unlike Bruce, he would rather play with Johnny than with anyone else. He could climb higher than any five-year-old; he could sing and dance and make up games. Of course, he wouldn't do these things for just anyone, only for his good friend, Johnny. Best of all, he promised Johnny that when he started to school in the fall, Johnny could come along.

The parent who hears his child holding lengthy conversations with an unseen friend who lives in a tree, or stoutly insisting that an invisible companion threw his clothes on the floor, or even refusing to eat dinner until a place is set at the table for an imaginary guest, may begin wondering if his child has become a psychopathic liar.

But the imaginary companions of most children are as real to them as their live playmates. Some children describe their imaginary friends vividly, play games with them, and treat them exactly as if they were real playmates.

One five-year-old's companion, Glo-Glo, was so real to her that she repeatedly warned her mother never to sit in a particular chair which Glo-

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. February, 1958. © 1958 by the American Medical Association, and reprinted with permission.

Glo liked. One day when her mother, disregarding the warning, sat down in the forbidden chair, the child burst into tears. "You squashed Glo-Glo," she cried. The child was disconsolate until Flo, Glo-Glo's twin sister, came to take her place.

Drs. Laurette Bender and B. Frank Vogel, who studied cases of imaginary companions at Bellevue Psychiatric hospital, assert that such phantasies have constructive value in a child's personality development.

What is a child trying to do when he creates an imaginary companion? "This phantasy represents the child's normal effort to compensate for inadequate reality—to round out his incomplete life experiences," Drs. Bender and Vogel explain. The creation of an imaginary playmate is a child's attempt to solve his own problems. Generally, these problems stem from an unsatisfactory relationship with either his parents or the world of reality.

To a child venturing out on the long road toward maturity, life is often confusing. Daily, he is confronted by many worlds, each of which must be met by a different self. The boy who is allowed to be a "regular little Indian" out of doors is expected to become a little gentleman in the house. Too old to cry when he falls down and hurts himself, he is too young for the more exciting pleasures allowed older children. He is supposed to be brave in the dark, but cautious about playing in the street.

At home, he plays according to

rules of his own making, but when he insists on his own way with the gang, they don't care to play with him. Jerry, down the street, has three brothers and sisters. But lonesome as our hero is, he has no one, and being good hasn't helped remedy the situation. Sometimes his folks are just swell; they like everything he does. But there are times, too, when their chief purpose in life seems to be to keep him from having a good time.

Each day he grows more aware that there is a system in this world, and that if he wants to get along he had better conform. Usually, he tries to adjust, to be five or six different personalities, to adapt himself to a hundred different situations a day, but all the seeming contradictions are hard for a child to understand.

The presence of an imaginary playmate at such times helps him make the necessary adjustments. A rough, boisterous boy can be a little gentleman. If he occasionally slips, he really isn't at fault: his "friend" was the culprit. It is his friend who cries like a baby, or has temper tantrums, or crosses the street against mother's wishes. Best of all, when he is lonely, he has someone to play with.

Imaginary playmates frequently appear around the 3rd or 4th year, when the tendency to dramatize is especially strong, but some arrive when the child is ten or even older. Although some playmates change from day to day and others remain constant, their appearance is always

related to the immediate problems the child faces at a particular moment of his life.

Whatever the problems, loneliness is behind the creation of all playmates, whether it is the ordinary loneliness caused by lack of companionship, or the deeper sense of feeling apart or different from everyone else.

Doris, living on a farm where there were no other children, invented a playmate she called Mary Ragmuffin. Mary was ideal in every respect. She was exactly Doris' age. She had long golden curls and "over a hundred hundred dresses." Every morning after breakfast, Mary appeared, and the two girls played happily all day. In summer, they had tea parties and picnics; in winter, they built snowmen and coasted on their sleds. Mary was Doris' constant companion until she started school.

But there is little difference between a child lonely for more companionship and one merely desirous of better companionship. Tommy Burns was a quiet, obedient child who always did as he was told. His mother, a quick, tense, domineering woman, brooked little nonsense from either her husband or son. When she spoke, she expected them to jump. When she called Tommy, she wished him to come running, no matter how important the game he might be playing.

Shortly after Tommy's 5th birthday, he could be heard talking to Mrs. Apple-Prune Jelly, who, he

confided to his father, lived in the coal bin in the cellar. Mrs. Apple-Prune Jelly was completely different from his mother. She was plump like his grandmother and she had the most wonderful lap any five-year-old ever sat in. Best of all, she was always smiling and never impatient. If Tommy was in the middle of an exciting game when she called him to dinner, dinner could just wait. In short, Mrs. Apple-Prune Jelly was made up of all the qualities Tommy found lacking in his own mother.

Sometimes, a seemingly minor problem will lead a child to create a companion. Four-year-old Ruth became afraid of the dark when her family moved to a new house. Shortly after, she made three new friends, Joe, Moe, and Mergertoid, who accompanied her to bed every night. As long as she had her "friends" with her, the darkness held no terror for Ruth.

Joe and Moe were rather dull fellows, but Mergertoid quickly assumed another function. Mergertoid was a bad boy! Ruth was always telling her mother about the naughty things Mergertoid had done. Soon, she was blaming Mergertoid for all her own misdeeds. In the six months that Mergertoid lived with the family, he spilled ink on the carpet after Ruth had been told never to touch the ink bottle, splashed mud on Ruth's new dress, and left the car radio on all night.

It might seem that Mergertoid was created merely to provide Ruth with

a convenient alibi. But he was playing a far more important part in her life.

The desire to please is strong in young children, even when pleasing comes at the expense of their own wishes. To integrate the two warring elements in his personality, the desire to be good and the desire to do as he pleases, a child may create a playmate who is really the personification of his naughty self. Thus he is able to get into all the trouble normal for one of his age, but at the same time he can remain a good child.

Why will one child create an imaginary companion, while another, faced with the same problems, will not? Psychologists E. B. Hurlock and M. Burnstein of Columbia university, who questioned more than 700 high-school and college students about their childhood imaginary companions, found that the background of the child who has an imaginary companion does not differ materially from that of one who does not have these friends.

The clue is to be found in the individual personality of each child. A recent study of 210 children, by Louise Bates Ames and Janet Learned of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, found that children of a matter-of-fact, literal temperament are extremely unlikely to have imaginary companions. On the other hand, children who are highly intelligent, highly verbal, and of generally imaginative nature frequently

tend to create imaginary playmates for themselves.

Most children, when asked to explain how their companions arrived, can't remember. "I just wished him to come" or "I wrote her a letter and she came" are typical of the answers given. Evidence indicates that the phantasies appear more or less spontaneously and are created from materials at hand: people the child knows, books, or motion-picture and television characters.

Generally, the companion's departure is as uneventful as his arrival. Children are quick to respond to any changes for the better; the companionship of real children, or improvement in their relationship with parents and family usually will cause a make-believe friend to be sent packing. Occasionally a child is aware of the leave-taking ("I sent him to play with the little boy down the street" or "I told her to go home") but such awareness is exceptional.

While the companion is a member of the family, many parents find coping with the guest a difficult job. Should he be seriously accepted, laughed at, made a fuss over, or ignored completely?

Marian E. Breckenridge and E. Lee Vincent, authors of *Child Development*, warn parents against treating imaginary companions as ridiculous or punishing children for having them. Imaginary playmates should always be kept in the open, the authors advise. Ridiculing them will only drive them under cover where

they are likely to make real damage.

Authors Breckenridge and Vincent warn that excessive playing up to the imaginary companion can prove as dangerous as ridicule, since it makes the companion too real. "We must remember in dealing with imaginary companions that children often have difficulty in differentiating between real and imagined things," they say. "Adults should not add to this confusion by treating imagined things as if they were real. Children too often discover quite without help the trick of laying blame on imaginary companions or of using the companion as an excuse."

New York psychologist Sigfrid Von Koch suggests that when a fairly happy, well-adjusted child creates a playmate, the parents lightheartedly enter into the conspiracy. "The important thing is to maintain contact with the child," he advises. "Make him understand that you both realize the companion is only make-believe, but at the same time you know why it is needed right now."

"Never become heavy-handed about the playmate," he goes on. "Done in the spirit of good fun, it's perfectly all right to set a place at the table for the unseen guest if this pleases the child."

However, if a child insists on blaming all his misdeeds on a mischievous companion, Dr. Von Koch emphasizes the importance of mak-

ing him realize that he is at least partly responsible.

Observant parents can obtain a good idea of some of the problems faced by their child from the kind of companion he creates and the way he treats it. If the companion is treated too strictly or blamed for a multitude of sins, the child is rebelling against too much discipline and too many restrictions. A child who has a substitute mother as a companion may be indicating some of the ways his needs are not being met by his parents. One who simply invents a good playmate who is a lot of fun is revealing that he needs more companionship from real friends.

The child who prefers his imaginary companion to live playmates is indicating that he hasn't learned how to give and take with real children. Seven-year-old Frankie was a poor sport when he couldn't have his way and consequently wasn't popular with other children. Whenever he ran into trouble, he would conjure up Sam, "who's more fun than anybody." Gradually he stopped playing with others altogether, preferring Sam, who always did his bidding.

Every imaginary companion, whether ideal, mischievous, or a scapegoat, is a clue to a child's behavior difficulties and, to those parents willing to use it, a key for unlocking the answers to many problems of childhood.



Hulan Jack of Manhattan

*He holds the highest municipal
office ever bestowed on a
Negro by New York voters*

THE BOROUGH of Manhattan stretches 13 miles from Battery Park to the Harlem River Ship canal, embracing 13 square miles and including such world-famous districts as Broadway, Wall St., and Park Ave.

Ranking official over this teeming, skyscrapered area is a 51-year-old Negro named Hulan Jack. He recently started his second four-year term as borough president, the highest municipal office ever bestowed upon a Negro by American voters.

He is no figurehead. He runs the multimillion-dollar business affairs of Manhattan with diplomacy, drive, and extraordinary administrative ability. His salary: \$25,000 a year.

"You can judge by the voting record how New Yorkers like Hulan,"

says a New York City councilman. "When he ran in 1953, he got 214,000 votes, against 135,000 for his closest opponent. The second time around, Hulan garnered 192,000 votes, against 126,000 for the opposition."

Being borough president means more than greeting visitors to the city or changing street signs. Jack directs a staff of 1,300 people. No fewer than 150 appointive jobs ranging from executive positions to clerical jobs are under his control. It is his task to decide how best to spend a budget of approximately \$6½ million. Much of it goes for the physical improvement of Manhattan's 500-plus miles of streets and highways; its viaducts, tunnels, sewers; its lighting and pipe systems—all of which are under his direct control.

He makes dozens of personal appearances each week, often as many as six in one evening. Day after day he meets with city officials, political supporters, citizen committees; wel-

comes important dignitaries; helps launch city-wide drives.

Jack speaks at an incredible number of banquets each season (experts call him one of the best orators in the Democratic party) and he has laid cornerstones, snipped ribbons, and officiated at municipal ceremonies enough to set an all-time record.

"But if Hulan Jack never did another thing, he'll always be remembered for saving lost souls," declares a bus driver. The reference is to Hulan's relocating of some 14,000 Manhattan street signs to increase their visibility.

Another Jack innovation has been the appointment of a borough "cabinet," made up of important businessmen and financial leaders. This group, called the Permanent Advisory committee, helps make over-all plans for stimulating economic growth in the city.

Jack also organized Manhattan Aid for Youth, Inc., to help combat juvenile delinquency. Among other projects, its good-citizen members rent city-owned vacant lots and convert them into playgrounds.

It was Jack whose wholehearted support paved the way for transformation of Manhattan's once dingy 3rd Ave. into a handsome boulevard.

In his wood-paneled office high up in New York's Municipal building, Jack insists on the "open-door" policy. "I work for the residents of this borough," he says. "I want them to be able to call on me with their problems at any time."

A city-owned black Cadillac picks up Jack at his Harlem apartment every morning at 9 and brings him to his office. Employees often can tell which route he has taken, for he never misses a trick along the way. Let there be something amiss with a paving or lighting project and he starts the phones ringing as soon as he reaches his desk.

Hulan Jack's life story could easily out-Alger anything Horatio ever dreamed up. The U. S. State department translated his story into 87 languages not long ago for use in answering Russian propaganda. "It reads like a fairy tale," a translator said.

Thirty-five years ago, Hulan Jack arrived in Manhattan from his native West Indies. His father was a bishop in the African Orthodox Greek Commissioned church, a tiny sect doing missionary work in the British West Indies. He accompanied the boy to New York, but sailed for home almost immediately.

"He couldn't afford to leave me any money," recalls Hulan, "so I stood there on the steamship pier, watching the boat taking my father home get smaller and smaller in the distance. I didn't have a dime; I didn't have a friend; but I did have my belief in God and a lot of ambition."

In Dick Whittington fashion, Hulan set out job-hunting on foot. On Greene St., in the downtown wholesale area, he saw a sign outside a paper-box factory: "Porter

wanted." He got the job, which combined the tasks of apprentice in the printing department and clean-up man in the factory.

"Back home, I had been interested in printing and even had studied it a little," says Hulan. "I felt that this certainly qualified me for a porter's job."

Thirty-one years later, he had risen to the vice presidency of the company (Peerless Box Co.), in charge of sales, a position he resigned when he was elected Manhattan's borough president in 1953. "But I still recall the accounts I worked on," says Jack. "When I pass stores like B. Altman's or Saks-34th, I almost automatically want to go in and talk boxes." He even carries in his wallet his union card from the Paper Box Makers' union, local 229, AFL.

Hulan's first boss, S. J. Redlich, took an immediate interest in his serious young employee.

"In those days, you worked from 8 to 6, and on Saturdays until you finished all your tasks," says Hulan. "Mr. Redlich let me juggle my working hours so I could go to New York Evening High. It took me five years, but I completed the course."

Next, Redlich lent Hulan tuition money so he could major in business administration at New York university. By this time, Hulan was completely familiar with boxmaking and was in charge of machinery operations. When Redlich became an invalid, Hulan visited him regularly

with reports on how the business was going.

"I remember I made two small repayments on my tuition loan," says Jack. "But when I offered Mr. Redlich the third payment he said, 'Forget the whole thing.' This fine man was a Jew; and I, a Negro immigrant, had been his porter. You can see why I firmly believe that men of different races and faiths can live together in charity and concord."

A gregarious fellow, Hulan soon found himself interested in politics. He became active in Harlem political circles. Once his speaking ability became known, he was dispatched to street corners to explain issues to voters in Harlem. Looking back on his early political career, he sums up his memories in a few words: "Hours of doorbell ringing and miles of stairs."

In 1940 Jack's dedication was rewarded: he was nominated on the Democratic ticket for state assemblyman. He won. He topped off that victory with seven more. In the Assembly, he was known as a fighter for civil rights. He introduced bills advancing labor's and veterans' interests; improvement in children's day-care centers; health, housing, and educational programs. A bill introduced by Assemblyman Jack made possible the New York State commission against discrimination in employment.

Jack has never forgotten the men who helped him gain success. "I learned all the intricacies of parlia-

mentary procedure with the aid of many good friends," says Hulan. "Irwin Steingut, Democratic leader of the Assembly, offered me his aid unasked. The present Sen. Irving Ives, then a Republican state senator, gave me hours of his time."

Jack is first vice chairman of the New York County Democratic committee, better known as Tammany. Its chairman, Carmine DeSapio, and he have long worked amicably together.

About ten years ago, Hulan took a step he had long been contemplating: he joined the Catholic Church.

"From childhood I was taught reverence for God and respect for man," says Jack, "but later came the question, 'Am I worshipping God as He wills I should?' When I sought the answer to that question, I arrived at Catholicism."

Two persons who directly influenced his decision were Associate Justice Harold A. Stevens, first Negro to serve on the New York State Appellate bench, who was Jack's roommate during his Assembly years; and Father John LaFarge, S.J., famous writer and lecturer on race relations. "The Church's consistent practice of the brotherhood of man in the programs it sponsored speeded my decision," Jack recalls.

Jack is a member of St. Thomas the Apostle parish in Manhattan and president of its Holy Name society. He is also a member of the Archbishop Hughes assembly, 4th-degree Knights of Columbus, of the Catho-

lic Layman's union, and of the Catholic Club of New York.

Since he receives about 30 invitations a day, Jack doesn't have much time for private life. His wife, Almira, a Montclair, N. J., girl, studied voice, dress designing, and painting, and still keeps up her interest in them. They have a three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Julianne Cecilia. The fourth member of the Jack household is 22-year-old Edwin, a student in research engineering at New York university. Edwin is Jack's son by his first wife, who died two years after Edwin was born.

On all sides in the Jack home one sees awards, scrolls, citations, and medals that have been given to the borough president in his many years of public service. The Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva university cited him for "untiring efforts for better understanding of all races and creeds." The Army and Navy union honored him for superior performance as borough president. The Jewish War Veterans hailed his service to veterans; so did the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

"We've come a long way since I arrived in New York 35 years ago," says Jack. "Then there was little chance for a Negro except as a porter, elevator man, or servant. There are still artificial barriers today, but much now depends on the Negro himself as to how far he can go in life. If he prepares himself by study and work, he can forge ahead in many places."

Self-pity is a quality Hulan detests. "No one should feel sorry for himself," he says. "Educate yourself to qualify: that's the way."

Like all officeholders, Jack has his critics. "He's a machine tool," say some, "strictly controlled by the party." "He lives too plainly," say others. "He should live up to the office. It doesn't look right for that big Cadillac to roll up to his door and have Jack get out in a rumpled old suit."

"New York is watched by the world," say still others. "The office of borough president ought to be flamboyant, dramatic. Jack is too workaday."

By avoiding controversy, grandstand plays, and pyrotechnics, Jack manages to accomplish a great deal.

Many of his most enthusiastic supporters are not yet of voting age. They are the borough's school children, who like to have Jack appear at their school events. He loves chil-

dren, and knows how to talk to them in their own language. He is never too busy to lift a youngster up to his knee and ask how school is going.

Not long ago, Jack was taking part in the dedication of a Harlem housing project. Civic leaders were ready with speeches, reporters were on hand, photographers had their cameras ready. A group of youngsters appeared on the scene with autograph books. The ceremony was about to begin when Jack noticed a shabbily dressed lad of about eight standing wistfully on the edge of the crowd. He clutched a dirty, crumpled piece of paper that he had picked up from the sidewalk.

Jack went over and spoke to the boy. He took the piece of paper, brushed off the mud and dirt, and solemnly autographed it. Then he pressed it into the boy's hand, and patted him on the shoulder. The boy broke into smiles and ran off triumphantly to show his treasure.



TOOTH AND NAIL

A young mother was taking every precaution to provide a healthy existence for her only child, an infant son. Until he was three months old, visitors who wanted to see the baby had to put on gauze face masks. Despite mother's every effort, however, there came a day when Junior seemed restless and feverish.

"Now don't get excited, dear," the husband said soothingly. "Ronald is probably just cutting a tooth."

"Let's call the doctor and find out," mother suggested.

"Oh, no!" hubby protested. "Why, my mother used to just put her finger in the baby's mouth and—" Then, observing the horrified expression on his wife's face, he gently added, "Of course, you boil the finger first."

Frances Benson.

How do you doodle?

*Those vagrant pencil strokes
tell a lot about you*

VERY LITTLE DOODLE has a meaning all its own. For 25 years I have made a hobby of collecting doodles. The more I study those absent-minded pencil wanderings, the more I become convinced that, just as your handwriting represents a conscious gesture on your part, your doodles represent an unconscious symbolic gesture.

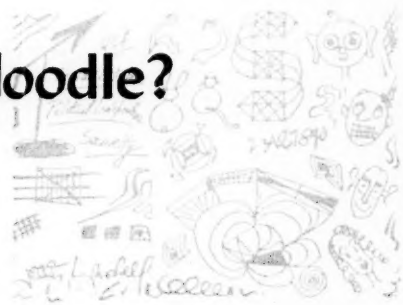
The word *doodle*, which derives from *dawdle*, has long been established in the dictionary. It is also a favorite subject of popular discussion. If you wish a personal angle on the fascinating subject of doodling, take a pencil in hand, place it on a paper, and let it wander as you talk on the telephone. Then study the result in the light of what follows in this article.

Although it is as individual as a fingerprint, your doodle will have a general resemblance to various types found on millions of desk blotters, scratch pads, telephone books—and tablecloths. One hotel manager reports that he used to have 30 table-

cloths a month ruined by doodlers. Then he switched to paper place mats. On the other hand, an Italian restaurateur in New York turned tablecloth doodling into an asset. He still proudly displays a cloth on which Toscanini doodled a caricature.

According to the system devised by psychologist Hermann Rorschach in 1921, a person reveals his basic characteristics by telling what he sees in a selected group of ink blots. Doodles are a quickie Rorschach in reverse. The pattern left by the vagrant pencil combines the symbolic elements of the dream with the objective picture made by the hand while the mind is focused elsewhere.

Doodles are so revealing that when Canadian and U. S. scientists attended sessions at Britain's atomic research center at Harwell, their scribbling papers were collected each day and burned. Security experts had



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classified doodling as a possible menace to the safety of nuclear secrets.

As general types, doodles are easy to recognize. However, any variation the reader adds to an illustrated doodle is likely to alter the whole picture. Thus, a simple house may indicate security. But when a person embellishes it with a particular number or name he has some personal reason for so doing, and interpretation is less easy.

Here are some general rules. 1. Angular doodles are indicative of planning, construction, criticism, and aggressiveness. 2. Curved formations tell of affection, friendliness, and sentiment. Tact, ease in talking are often shown. 3. Heavy pressure on doodles may show sorrow or serious thoughts. 4. Light pressure usually indicates receptivity. 5. Doodles slanting toward the right show more progressiveness and activity than those pulling back toward the left. 6. Upward tendencies in strokes may be the sign of the religiously inclined; downward strokes are found more often among the highly emotional. 7. The same lines repeated over and over indicate a compulsion neurosis. 8. Shading a doodle shows tension, leading to assorted fears. 9. A variety of doodles may well mean a variety of interests. 10. The doodler of many motifs, all distinct, has a sense of discrimination. 11. Underlining a doodle, or parts of it, is usually associated with a desire for protection.

Current conditions produce their

quota of doodles. During a war many persons doodle a caricature of the enemy hanging. In a depression, dollar signs decorate newspaper margins.

Some doodlers repeat certain types. For example, the careful, repetitive drawing of animals usually indicates a love of animals. However, when drawn crudely, such doodles reveal a harsh streak—as in the wolf's head, symbolic of a killer, that Stalin often doodled.

The person who doodles birds is likely to be the kind of considerate soul who puts out fresh water for the animals in summer, and who ties suet to trees in winter. He is likely to be more gentle than the animal doodler. Again, a V-shaped bird symbol indicates one who thinks kindly of others and is at heart a well-wisher; a turkey or chicken doodle signifies practical thinking.

The doodler of shaky line drawings has a bit of drollery in his make-up; on the other hand, angular exaggerations indicate that the doodler is in a morbid mood.

Some people sketch self-portraits. This indicates egotism.

Death symbols reveal depression and fear. Goering doodled a gallows while being tried at Nuremberg, as did Heath, the British strangler, a few days before he was executed.

The simple caricature shows a modest doodler who is likely to be somewhat naïve. Exaggerated caricatures, or distortions of the human figure, reveal a vivid imagination and

a tendency to distort certain truths. If the exaggeration is curved, gracious, and light, the doodler has a sense of humor and can be kidded out of a momentary slump; if the doodling is stiff, mechanical, graceless, the artist may be too serious for his own good.

Many persons doodle parts of the human face. Strong noses and beards indicate that the doodler has a strong character. They also suggest selectivity on the part of the doodler. On the other hand, those who doodle eyes are usually lovers of beauty, and fond of unusual, colorful objects. Such doodles should be read for the curved lines, rather than for the eye itself.

Weird features, without any actual harshness, indicate evidences of humor. Benjamin Franklin doodled parts of faces. Patrice Munsel, opera star, decorates her telephone pad with eyes and mouths.

Boxes, angles, triangles, and their subdivisions are the doodler's attempt to reproduce measured space and bring it down to earth. Doodlers of geometrical figures in general have a basic need for security. Since they are very logical and possess the ability to handle many intricate situations with comparative ease, they may be planning to build a bridge, to start a family budget, or to attempt a long-range project. With them, one associates a strong feeling of self-protection and self-control.

The simple box, clean, clear, devoid of all other strokes, bespeaks a practical, effective person. Tony

Martin, the film star, is one of the many who makes this symbol. A box within a box denotes a man who dislikes solitude. He projects his need in the multiple squares.

Then there are doodlers who precariously balance one box on top of another to form a geometrical pattern. These are logical people who can be counted on to figure a thing out step by step.

A house is symbolic of comfort, warmth, shelter. A pathway suggests receptivity, a "Do come in, please." The addition of trees and flowers shows love of beauty in a home.

The old game of tick-tack-toe, a series of balanced lines, crosses, and circles, is a favorite with doodlers. When carefully planned, it shows a liking for competition. When the doodler plays the game with himself and loses, he reveals feelings of inadequacy. When the pattern is filled in, a sense of completion is found. An egotistical man plays the game so that he always wins!

Many movie stars, including Joan Crawford, have been found doodling the tick-tack-toe pattern. That design also appeals to Senator Estes Kefauver. Instead of using crosses and circles, he sets down numbers which give the plays in correct sequence. Doing this, like drawing geometrical patterns, reveals an orderly mind.

Sound complicated? It is. But doodles, in addition to permitting psychiatrists to learn much about their patients, can also provide an engrossing study for the layman.

Secret Shelters in Occupied Rome

Monsignor O'Flaherty risked all to aid refugees from the nazis

THE HUGE Irish priest matched his daring and his wits with the nazis and their fascist underlings—and won. He was Msgr. Hugh O'Flaherty, who, at the risk of his life, operated a chain of some 50 hiding places in Rome for escaped prisoners of war and persecuted Jews in Rome after the fall of Mussolini. So closely was Monsignor O'Flaherty pursued that he always slept with an escape rope at hand in his room.

On Sept. 8, 1943, Marshal Badoglio, who had become Italy's prime minister after Mussolini's downfall, signed an armistice with the Allies. In the Italian countryside and in the hills, where there were no Germans, the people feasted and lit bonfires. But Rome stayed quiet: the Germans still held the city. Another nine long months were to pass before the Allies could sweep up the Italian peninsula.

In those nine months, Rome became a city of people on the run. Half the population, said the late Camille M. Cianfarra in *The Vatican and the Kremlin*, were hiding the other half. Nearly every family had a friend or relative wanted by the Germans. Thousands of people were sheltered in seminaries, convents,

and monasteries, as well as homes.

Among the fugitives were many British, Australian, New Zealand, and South African prisoners of war who had escaped when Mussolini fell, and made for Rome, many of them under the impression that the war in Italy was over. They would soon have been back in German hands had it not been for the dar-



ing and ingenuity of Monsignor O'Flaherty.

The monsignor had become popular with English-speaking prisoners of war when visiting their camps earlier as one of a team of priests sent out by the Vatican. At that time, the Pope was maintaining an information bureau to find and help missing or captured soldiers. Thou-

sands of families recall gratefully how they first learned of the whereabouts of a son, brother, or husband when they listened to the Vatican radio broadcasting lists of names of prisoners in Italy. Monsignor O'Flaherty supplied many of the names on those lists.

At first, it wasn't difficult for him to place escapees as they straggled in. Then, as their numbers grew, he realized that he would need a proper organization to cope with the situation, as well as a lot of luck to avoid being caught himself.

The priest was popular socially. He was a favorite on Rome's exclusive Acqua Santa golf course, which he played in par. He appealed to his friends to help him. But even he was surprised by the immediate response he got from members of the Roman nobility and others.

One of his most enthusiastic supporters was Prince Filippo Doria Pamphili, an aristocrat so outspoken in his defiance of fascism that Mussolini had him interned in Southern Italy. After the liberation, he became Rome's first postwar mayor. He died a few months ago.

What Monsignor O'Flaherty needed most, of course, was money. The prince gave him about \$7,500. For a start, the padre rented three apartments in Rome, one of them with 12 rooms, another with six. He then rounded up from various hiding places 16 British soldiers and spirited them into two of the apartments. The third he kept for "transi-

ents," men who stayed awhile, and moved on by way of escape routes laid out by the monsignor.

More and more escapees arrived; more and more apartments were acquired as more and more of Monsignor O'Flaherty's wealthy friends financed him and, in many cases, helped with the choosing and running of the hideouts. The chain grew to 50 secret shelters. By then he was hiding not only escaped POW's, but hundreds of Jews who, in Rome as elsewhere, were being bitterly persecuted by the nazis.

To the Italian families who hid his boys, the monsignor paid 100 lire (then \$5) a day, exclusive of food. He himself bought food and clothing, books and games for the men. He had an elaborate "messenger" service. He recruited other priests and a variety of persons of all nationalities to help him. But he soon realized that things would get out of hand, to the danger of all concerned, unless he introduced some real military discipline into his setup.

Cooled up day after day, young fellows got on one another's nerves. They longed for freedom and a bit of fun, and went looking for it. They didn't realize that one slip could not only land them and their mates back in prison, but jeopardize the lives of the friendly Italians who were already risking everything by sheltering them.

A high-spirited British sailor was fond of boasting to his soldier companions that if Rome was ever liber-

ated it would be by the Royal navy sailing up the Tiber to do it. This lad sneaked out one night in 1944. Roaring drunk, he staggered into the Piazza Venezia, got below the balcony of the palace from which Mussolini used to harangue his fascist mobs, looked some nearby police straight in the eye, and started to bawl *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*.

The sailor was taken to police headquarters. Pressed to give an address, he said he couldn't recall it, but asked if he might phone. The obliging fascists said Yes, whereupon the befuddled sailor dialed his number. His landlady's daughter answered. When asked where he was, the sailor replied, "Police headquarters." The girl and her mother fled the apartment minutes before the police arrived. That was the end of what had been a fine hiding place.

A young British officer, disguised as a priest, boarded a tram with another "priest," and behaved with perfect clerical decorum—until he lit up a cigarette. Priests in Rome never smoke in public, as German soldiers present knew well. But when the impersonator also began to ogle some Italian girls, the soldiers knew even better. The two mates were back in jail that night.

Yes, the boys needed discipline. Monsignor O'Flaherty heard of Maj. Sam Derry, an Englishman who was hiding near Rome, and smuggled him into the city. Derry put all the men in hiding under military regulations, and threatened that offend-

ers would be court-martialed after the war. This tough talk helped, but it didn't entirely stop the boys from taking foolish risks and, in several cases, being caught by the Germans and fascists, who by this time knew all about O'Flaherty's exploits and were under orders to catch him in the act at any cost.

Among other British officers on the monsignor's "personal staff" was Capt. John Furnham, of London, who became billet officer, and Lt. Bill Simpson, of Glasgow, transport officer. Both spoke perfect Italian. Simpson, beautifully disguised, sat in a box one night at the opera next to the German commandant, Field Marshal Kesselring. He asked the nazi chief to autograph his program. Charmed, Kesselring obliged.

Furnham was subsequently arrested and put on a train for Germany. He jumped off, bicycled 300 miles back to Rome, and resumed his job. He is now in Israel; Simpson lives in New York.

One of the men Monsignor O'Flaherty had met in the Italian prison camp at Sumona was a young RAF pilot named E. Garrad-Cole, who later became a wing commander and wrote about his experiences in a book, *Single to Rome*. Garrad-Cole had been shot down in the Western Desert in 1940; he looked forward to the monsignor's visit because "invariably he had his pockets stuffed with cigarettes, which he would slip to us when the Italians were not looking."

Garrad-Cole escaped and made his way to Rome. He contacted the plucky priest, who found him an apartment and someone to look after him. Garrad-Cole disguised himself as an Italian, and went about with a forged identity card in the name of Mario Monti. He had many narrow squeaks, but was waiting when the Americans entered Rome in June, 1944.

One of the O'Flaherty hiding places was the site of the new American college, then being built, on the Janiculum hill, overlooking St. Peter's and all Rome. In Rome were several Italian-American students studying medicine or preparing for other professions. They were afraid they might be deported. "We hid them, too," says Monsignor O'Flaherty. "The American college (it was extraterritorial ground) was a good place for them."

Monsignor O'Flaherty was constantly shadowed, but his uncanny knowledge of every twisting byway in Rome enabled him time and again to outwit pursuers. But once, two German policemen followed him to the home of an Italian family where he had some Allied soldiers hidden. His friends disguised him as a workman, and he left the house through the coalhole while the nazis waited for him in the street. The Germans and fascists tried several times to decoy him, but he was usually warned in time. Once, though, a mere fluke prevented him from keeping an appointment with a notorious

fascist who had got a message to him in a false name.

"I had a perfect organization," the monsignor says. "I got good service from anti-fascist police. We were warned regularly when the Germans were going to raid our hideouts. The Germans were always *too* precise. One time they had orders to arrest me in a certain house; nowhere else would do. They passed me in the street."

One of the hideouts was almost up against the German headquarters in the Quirinal palace (where, ordinarily, Italy's president lives). Monsignor O'Flaherty found this a most strategic position.

His remarkable work for the Jews in Rome is a story in itself. He got constant warnings about new persecutions, and was able to hide many and help others to escape from the city. He saved at least 1,700 Jews. In return, many Jews were among his most loyal helpers. One of them was Maj. Umberto Lucana, a parachutist and fanatical anti-fascist. He was shot with more than 320 hostages in the Ardeatina caves after 32 German police were killed by a bomb concealed in a rubbish cart.

In story after story about Monsignor O'Flaherty it has been stated that he acted with "Vatican approval," with "the Pope's knowledge," even "on the Pope's orders." He declares that he *never* acted with Vatican approval or knowledge. He was entirely on his own. At all times, he was careful never to violate the

Vatican's strict neutrality. It is true, many Allied escaped prisoners of war did get into Vatican City, and, once in, were given sanctuary there. It is not true, as has been frequently reported, that Monsignor O'Flaherty personally got men past the guards or used his influence to get men into the papal enclosures. He operated outside, always at great personal risk.

While the Germans played their "open city" farce in Rome, a line divided the vast St. Peter's square. The Germans could come as far as the line, but not a step beyond. They could often see their adversary crossing the square on the other side, talking to people there, or on the steps of the basilica. Someone nick-

named the square "O'Flaherty's anteroom."

For his services, Monsignor O'Flaherty was awarded a medal. Today, at 59, he is attached to the Holy Office. If you try to get his story out of him, he'll try to put you off, but he'll give you the names of countless people he says "did most of the work." All over Rome are society people and workingmen, news vendors, priests and nuns, soldiers and policemen and taxi drivers who were in some way connected with Monsignor O'Flaherty's fantastic organization. It is typical of the priest, and of all he did while the Germans ruled Rome, that he always puts others' first.



IN OUR HOUSE

At the time of my husband's death, my sister was caring for our granddaughter Cindy, aged five. Cindy was very upset upon learning that her grandpa was dead, and to comfort her my sister told her to remember that grandpa was now a saint in heaven.

Some time later the two of them were looking at the pictures in *Lives of the Saints*, and Cindy demanded to know why grandpa wasn't in it. "Well, honey," my sister replied, "this is an old edition. Maybe grandpa will be in the new book."

Mrs. D. O. Regan.



In our house we often tackle do-it-yourself projects. We might not be professional, but we're enthusiastic, determined, hard working, and patient. Recently we were confronted with something that made it seem we might also need to be brave.

We were painting with a spray type paint. The instructions read: 1. Screw spray head firmly on can. 2. Press lever and pray.

It was quite a relief when, upon closer examination, we found a tiny remnant of an s that hadn't been properly printed in front of the word *pray*.

Agnes Hulsey.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

I Preach in Hyde Park

The work there is an imitation of Christ in more ways than one

GUV'NOR, did you say the Pope is intelligible?" an earnest voice asks. "No, I said *infallible*." I spot my questioner in a Hyde Park crowd. "You mean he knows everything?"

"Well, no. You see, it is a question of faith and morals. Of course, he knows many things as well, but when the Church says that the Pope . . ."

"I know, Guv'nor, but just make it practical. What about the horses? Could the head of the Holy, Roman, Catholic, Apostolic Church give me four marks by which I may know the winner of the Grand National?"

The crowd roars, and I see that I'm in for a warm session with a practiced heckler, a chap who makes things hot for many an outdoor preacher at Hyde Park Corner or at Tower Hill, in London. At these places, crowds gather to listen to "cranks." I am one of the cranks. I was "blooded" at Tower Hill.

What a terrifying experience it was! One windy day in March I was led up to the grim spot by a determined fellow priest. He was convinced that I had a message for the British public. I can remember how uncomfortable I felt, but not why I didn't run away.



The great difficulty in starting an open-air meeting is in gathering a crowd. There are few less exhilarating experiences than explaining the faith to an audience of two or three bored loungers. My colleague had his own method of attracting attention. He simply jumped up on his portable rostrum and denounced everything opposed to the Catholic Church.

Naturally, a crowd began to gather round so militant a Christian. I stood there in self-conscious dismay. It must have shown on my face, because a man who was heckling the priest said to me, "Is this your first time up, Father?"

I nodded. "That's all right," he

said kindly. "We'll start you easy."

On the whole, they were easy on me, too, but when I was going away the same man said, "No holds barred next time, Father."

I learned a good deal at Tower Hill. I knew in my heart that sooner or later I would have to go to the crank's West Point, Hyde Park Corner. There are no novices at Hyde Park Corner; every speaker is an expert. In the end, I didn't have to work up courage to volunteer. I was sent.

Many Americans know the place, because it is central to the large hotel area of the west end of the city. The park is a large one; it is for Londoners what Central Park is for New Yorkers. It has pretty gardens and lakes, where the Londoner may enjoy whatever summer he gets. It is least attractive where it borders the Marble Arch and Tyburn at the corner of Oxford St. and Park Lane. The traffic is heavy there; the crowds are thick.

For Catholics, this part of the park has a special significance. In the old days, at its edge on Oxford St., stood Tyburn gallows, where many Catholic martyrs died in agony. In the surface of the street is a small brass cross testifying to that glorious chapter in Catholic history. Not many Londoners remember it, but I am sure Catholic speakers often think about it as they rise to address the crowd.

Hyde Park Corner offers a cross section of mankind. Americans stroll about in friendly detachment. I al-

ways find it a trifle disconcerting to have American tourists in my crowd, because so many of them are chronic photographers. You can almost hear them say, "This strange fellow will make them laugh back home." Then up goes the camera, and a chuckle for friends across the Atlantic is in the deepfreeze. (An attractive habit, really, because it shows that Americans like to think about their friends when they are away from them.)

It has always interested me as a Jesuit to observe the universality of the work carried on by the Society of Jesus. Often an American has smiled and said, "I was with the Jesuits at Marquette," or Fordham or some such place. Just as often a man has said, "I was with Jesuits in Hong Kong... Bombay... Addis Abbaba."

Of course, the Catholic listener is comparatively rare. By and large, the crowd is non-Catholic, sometimes aggressively so. Present are Africans, Arabs, Indians, Chinese—most of them articulate if properly moved. Two majestic Arabs once passed through the crowd in their attractive costume. A London girl said, "Coo, ain't they nice!" Whereupon one of the Arabs turned around and said gravely, "But madam, you should see us on our camels."

Most of the speaker's work, however, will be directed to the British crowd. The main body of it is made up of people who are only taking the air, prepared to stay if entertained, prepared to move on if bored. A small proportion is eager to learn. A still

smaller group is made up of genuine cranks and professional hecklers. Of these last the speaker must beware. Heckling is to them a fine art to be cultivated for its own sake.

In the main, hecklers are of two types. One is the hunter pure and simple; the other is the exhibitionist. The latter is by far the more dangerous of the two. After all, the deadly serious attitude of a heckler who sincerely wishes to show that you are wrong and he is right has its weaknesses. His concentration on the real business lays him wide open. Crowds are peculiar. They can resent such a heckler if they would rather hear the speaker. Once the speaker senses that, he has the heckler at his mercy.

The exhibitionist is altogether different. He is there because he thinks he ought to be where the speaker is. He is a would-be actor for whom Hyde Park Corner is the only stage available. It will not worry such a ham if he steals the speaker's crowd. That is what he came for.

His approach, therefore, has none of the earnestness of the sincere gladiator. His weapon is sly humor. Often he possesses the face and the voice of a gifted comedian. Many of his jokes are of the old music-hall sort, strangely effective in a crowd. If the speaker is young and inexperienced, the ham heckler very quickly spots a hot trail. Then, the more serious the poor man on the box tries to be, the more nonsense his ham heckler will turn out.

Recently an Irish heckler gained

what would be considered a good score against a communist speaker who was attacking Catholicism. The communist's complaint was that Catholic dogma contradicts science. "The Virgin Mary," he shouted scornfully, "has been assumed into heaven contrary to the laws of gravity!"

"That's a bit better than your oul' sputnik," observed a mild voice in the crowd.

Communist hecklers are in a class by themselves. More than any others, they have learned the art of so forming a question that it serves as a short propaganda statement as well. It is not always obvious at the start that you have a communist after you. A heckler asked me once about the ownership of slum properties by ecclesiastical bodies. I found myself drawn into a discussion of the iniquities of private property.

Experience enables a speaker to classify his hecklers quickly and deal with them accordingly. It is vitally important never to lose the charitable touch. A priest must be very certain before he cracks down on any questioner. If in doubt, one should give the questioner the benefit of it.

Most of the secular and Regular clergy in London send representatives to Hyde Park Corner. It is stirring to see them there, often wearing a historic Religious habit like that of the Franciscan friars or of the great Dominican preaching Order. But it would be incorrect to convey the impression that priests are the only

Catholics who speak there. An organization founded by the famous author and publisher Frank Sheed, the Catholic Evidence guild, trains speakers for street-corner talking. Probably Frank Sheed is the greatest orator of this type in England; his wife, Maisie Ward, is an expert, too.

The guild requires every speaker to take an examination in the subject he proposes to talk about. He may speak only on topics on which he has been successfully examined. Boys from the great English Jesuit schools like Stonyhurst, Beaumont, and Mount St. Mary's speak at Hyde Park during their vacations.

My own experience at Hyde Park was gained, not through the Evidence guild, but through the Public Morality council. This council, made up of all religious groups, works towards improvement of public morals. The priest who spoke most often for this body was a famous Dominican, Father Vincent McNabb. When he died, a Jewish agnostic wrote a book about him called *A Saint in Hyde Park*.

After Father McNabb's death, no priest (as far as I know) spoke from the platform of the Public Morality council for some time. The crowd made it clear that it wanted to hear one. The Wesleyan chairman appealed to my superiors, and I was assigned. (It is significant, I think, that the crowd had grown so accustomed to the Catholic viewpoint on current problems that it did not like being deprived of it.)

A Catholic priest must be prepared to handle queries on any aspect of the Catholic faith. One never knows what is coming next. Some severe spinster will want to know if St. Paul was really antifeminine, and whether he would have understood the suffragette movement. A myopic-looking old gentleman will suddenly suggest that the great problems of the world spring from the fact that the normal British diet contains too little fish. From there the questions shoot off to the Inquisition, divorce, pacifism.

The crowd is kind in a curious sort of way. Once, after two hours of talking, I stepped down, tired and hoarse, only to hear an angry voice cry, "You said atheists are the 5th column of civilization, and I'm an atheist, and I don't like that sort of talk." Here, I felt, comes martyrdom. Then a strong Irish brogue protested, "The good Father is tired!" My atheist immediately became deeply concerned about me, and insisted on driving me home.

Is the work worth while? Well, remember that our Lord Himself was a street-corner speaker. He could, on occasion, argue in holy places with the rabbis, but in the main his talking was done in the streets to the ordinary crowds. This must have been true of the Apostles and early bishops also.

It is possible for both priests and laity to go along as a slightly exclusive group that gives of its best to itself alone; not deliberately, but be-

cause the opportunity of reaching a large audience isn't recognized. Perhaps that is more the case in Great Britain than in the U.S. The Church in the U.S. has achieved, through the labors of able men like Bishop Sheen, a wider national audience than circumstances allow us in Great Britain. But in any country, the street corner will always be a place where a Catholic orator can feel close to our Lord Himself.

The mass of people at a place like Hyde Park Corner have only the haziest notions about the Catholic Church. Often the haze is an unfriendly one. What can the speaker hope to do with such a mentality? His first task is to show that he himself is a friendly, even affectionate, person. When the crowd senses that he is talking down to nobody, that he is glad to be there, that he sincerely holds his beliefs and thinks they can help others, prejudice dies down.

He must give as good as he gets in debate. Many of the crowd have been brought up to believe that there is no intellectual case for Christianity. The good speaker will be able to demonstrate how false that notion is.

Lastly, he must have a sense of humor. Chesterton once said that the only thing our Lord ever concealed from us was his mirth. I have often wondered whether that is true. It is impossible to read the stories Christ told and not observe quiet humor. It is difficult to think that there were no jokes among Him and Peter and James and John. The crowd expects good humor from the speaker, and resents loss of temper.

Should you ever pay us a visit and stroll through Hyde Park, say a small prayer for the priest or layman you may see gesticulating and shouting next to the large crucifix. Give him a friendly wave or a smile, and be sure he sees it.

DELAY IN TRANSIT

An executive was told by his doctor that he must get more exercise. "Why don't you leave the car home and bicycle to the office?" the doctor suggested.

"But I'd look ridiculous!" the executive protested. "Wouldn't it be just as good if I walked?"

"No, you need vigorous exercise," replied the doctor. "One patient of mine rolls a hoop to work. Why don't you try that?"

The executive agreed, and next day, as he ran downtown rolling his hoop, he felt a sense of exhilaration. When he arrived at the garage where he usually parked his car, he explained the situation to the attendant, and arranged to leave his hoop at the garage. All went well for a while, but one day the attendant reported that the hoop had disappeared. "But never mind," he said. "Our insurance will cover it."

"That's all very well," snarled the executive. "But how am I going to get home tonight?"

Bell Telephone Monitor (Feb. '58).

By Elizabeth Field
Condensed from "Pageant"

Beware the Amateur Psychoanalyst!

*He's a menace to his friends,
his family, and himself*

MET ANY amateur psychologists lately? Perhaps you are too astute to be misled by them. Maybe you regard them as laughable, or boring. To me, they are frightening.

I am a clinical psychologist, specializing in that branch of psychology which deals with mental and emotional disorders. Three years of graduate study, a year's internship in a mental hospital, several years of experience in a clinic, several years of intensive personal supervision by recognized psychotherapists: that is my training. My friends in the medical profession, the psychiatrists, have devoted at least as much time to studying the human personality.

Yet at many a cocktail party there is likely to be an amateur psychoanalyst who confidently gives advice about problems which my colleagues and I would never tackle without a careful study of the case.

Sometimes such amateurs cause tragedy. Psychology, still a young science, can be astonishingly helpful

with many human troubles. Someday it may offer answers to the vast problems of war and social conflict. But its misuse by amateurs is as dangerous as a child's attempt to handle a dentist's drill or an X-ray machine.



For example, take dream interpretation. A trained psychoanalyst usually does not try to interpret a dream unless he has considerable information about the dreamer, since the same dream may have different

meanings for different people. But amateur dream experts are less cautious.

A gentle woman in her middle 30's once came to my office seeking treatment. Toward the end of the interview, she said nervously that she would like to ask two questions. Was it true that every dream revealed a secret wish? And was it true that people sometimes, in their inmost hearts, desire the death of someone they love?

Why did she ask me these strange questions? Her story, as I finally pieced it together, was this. The woman (call her Jane) had been devoted to a gifted, charming sister who had died suddenly when both were in their 20's. After her sister's death, Jane suffered a depression. It was months before she recovered enough to enjoy a normal social life.

At one of the first parties she attended, Jane met a certain Mrs. X. After a drink or two, Mrs. X managed to turn the conversation to her pet subject, and the group began to talk about their childhood nightmares. Still brooding over her sister's death, Jane remarked that as a child her most terrible nightmare had always dealt with some misfortune happening to her sister.

That was enough for Mrs. X. Clinking the ice in her third highball, she made a rapid diagnosis. "You know, you must have had a lot of sibling rivalry, and probably you sometimes wished your sister wasn't there. The nightmare was what psy-

chiatrists call a death wish in disguise."

Horror-struck, Jane left the party. Her depression returned. It was months before she was able to go out socially again. And she let a year go by before she came to my office.

Jane really needed help. "Why," I inquired, "since you have felt depressed so long, didn't you look for help sooner?"

Her answer was appalling. Jane had taken Mrs. X seriously. If accepting psychological help meant admitting that she had wanted her sister to die, Jane would have nothing to do with psychology. She would rather go on suffering. An ignorant remark had kept Jane from seeking the help she needed.

Amateur psychologists are rarely interested in giving help. Their purpose is to display their own cleverness.

I think that perhaps parents are the greatest victims of amateur psychologists. In late years, the public has been deluged with information about child rearing, most of which is sound. But one result has been bad. Some parents feel that every problem a child has, however natural or trivial, is somehow their fault.

Like many women psychologists, I happen to have brought up children of my own. I took several years off from my profession, and, with other mothers, spent many hours on park benches, watching my children in the playground. And I have vivid memories of the type of mother who

has read all the books, knows everything, and always manages to imply that other mothers are inadequate.

"Oh, doesn't he walk yet? But Gesell says the average child walks two months earlier. Oh, he's not trained? Spock says—."

Occasionally one of the mothers, knowing that I'd had special training in psychology, would ask a question about her own child. Sometimes I'd give advice, but usually I did not feel that I could make any recommendations to her without knowing more about the family than I could find out in casual social contact. But the amateur psychologists among the mothers had far more confidence than I did.

"I think you're overprotecting him." "She acts as if she felt rejected." "Oh, it's just sibling rivalry." Such glib talk would be merely funny if it did not so often cause real anxiety to a young mother who wants desperately to do her best and isn't sure of her own judgment.

Parents who dabble in psychology can sometimes harm their children. I have tremendous respect for the young couples who are as conscientious about applying sound psychological principles in the home as they are about their children's physical care. But, incredible as it seems, a few parents try to act as psychiatrists for their own children.

Sometimes the amateurs are students of psychology. They are usually warned by their professors not to pose as experts until their training is

completed, but they do not always heed the warning.

Once in a while, even a physician may play the part of an amateur psychologist. Most medical schools, recognizing the relationship between health and emotions, try to give their students a good general background in psychiatry. However, serious emotional problems usually require the help of a specialist rather than that of a family doctor.

An elderly doctor, truly devoted to his patients and very competent in general practice, was asked for advice by a husband who had just discovered that his wife was a secret drinker.

"Here's what to do," said the doctor, with the authority of a man who has saved hundreds of lives. "Throw out your liquor. Don't buy any more. Don't give your wife any money. Stop her charge accounts—she might raise money by returning merchandise. If she can't get liquor, she can't drink—and if she can't drink, she will lose the habit."

The husband followed this prescription. His wife wrapped herself in icy silence, and continued to drink, although he could not find out how she got the liquor. She neglected the children. Finally the husband did what he should have done in the first place: he consulted a psychiatrist.

Carefully and tactfully, in many interviews, the psychiatrist learned the wife's story. She was both brilliant and restless; she missed her

former job and hated housework. Yet, wishing to be a good mother, she felt guilty about her restlessness and thought it would be wrong to take a job.

She especially resented her husband's domineering manner. Torn by her conflicting feelings, she had begun to drink.

This was the woman who, on the advice of the family doctor, had been treated like a naughty child! Naturally, her humiliations had pushed her farther toward alcoholism.

It took the psychiatrist a long time to gain the woman's confidence, and even longer to help her understand and accept her own feelings. Meanwhile, the psychiatrist sent the husband to a marriage counselor, who helped him recognize his wife's needs. Eventually, the wife was able to give up drinking, and the home was saved.

In this case, the differences in approach between the family doctor and the psychiatrist are typical of the difference between the amateur and the expert.

One type of amateur psychologist makes himself his own victim. Such persons torture themselves with endless speculations about how they feel and why they feel that way. They may spend hours brooding over childhood unhappiness. They read

popular-psychology books, finding themselves on every page. They try to explain their difficulties in glib terms like "inferiority complex" or "mother fixation."

People of this kind usually like to use the word *unconscious*, saying that they have "an unconscious fear of people" or "an unconscious resentment of my boss." They don't realize that, by definition, the word *unconscious* means *not* conscious. If a feeling is really unconscious, the person does not suspect its existence. Persons who talk about their unconscious selves are usually trying to avoid responsibility for a feeling which is quite conscious but which makes them uneasy.

The amateur psychologist can be a menace to his friends, family, and himself. Luckily, he is easy to identify. He is anyone who offers psychological advice without professional training. He is anyone who gives a blithe, self-assured diagnosis when you haven't asked for it.

This does not mean that, if you need sympathy and counsel, you must necessarily go to someone who sits behind a desk and charges fees. Friends may offer both kindness and common sense when you are troubled. But when you have a serious emotional problem, seek competent professional help.

Evolution is what makes the chimpanzee in the zoo ask,
"Am I my keeper's brother?"

Coronet (March '58).

Are Whites Ashamed?

Twenty-fourth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.

WHITE PEOPLE in the U. S. can't rid themselves of a deep feeling of guilt about the Negro, say some observers. The white American, especially the white Southerner, can't pluck from his memory the shameful historical fact of Negro slavery in the land of liberty. Like Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he is tormented by the ghosts of old wrongs. And this thinly scarred wound of shame is perpetually being raked open by his knowledge that the Negro, after nearly a century of freedom, is still treated unjustly.

So runs the theory. One encounters it in scores of articles on the race problem, as well as in novels, short stories, plays, and films.

How true is it? We may never know. Only a vast, carefully planned psychoanalytic study could show just how strong a current of guilt about white treatment of the Negro may run beneath the surface of American life. But one thing can now be said for sure. The majority of Americans, both white and Negro, will tell you they don't believe the current is there at all.

Two questions asked in the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey (conducted by

the public-opinion research firm of Ben Gaffin & Associates) had to do with this matter of the white man's sense of shame. The first question was: "Do you think that most whites are ashamed that whites once made slaves of Negroes or not?"

Answers show that three in every five persons (60%) think that most whites are not ashamed of the fact that Negroes once were slaves.

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Yes, whites ashamed.	28%	27%	35%	26%
No, they are not.	59	63	54	67
No opinion.	13	10	11	7

When opinions are examined more closely, it is found that those who most often deny that whites are ashamed about slavery are those whites who in previous stages of the survey were found to be most prejudiced. A No answer was given by 64% of such whites in the North, by 68% in the South.

It should be noted that neither a Yes nor a No answer to the question reveals an opinion as to whether white persons *should* be ashamed or not, but only as to whether they actually *are*. A white man and a Negro might both say, "No, they are not ashamed," and have quite different

feelings about the implications of their answers.

What about the treatment the Negro receives today? Slavery is, after all, part of the past, whether whites are ashamed about it or not; but the grim consequences of current prejudice are recorded in almost every issue of any metropolitan newspaper. How do whites feel when they read the record? Are they less ashamed, or more ashamed, of the present treatment of the Negro than they are of the fact that he was once a slave in this country?

The second question investigators asked was: "Do you think that most whites are ashamed of how Negroes are being treated today or not?" About 62% of those interviewed say that most whites are not ashamed of present treatment of the Negroes. Whites in the South protest most strongly that whites feel no shame.

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Yes, whites ashamed...	30%	12%	40%	28%
No, they are not.....	57	78	50	64
No opinion.....	13	10	10	8

The Negro-White problem may well be (as it has often been called) the great shame of America. It may be true that white Americans feel a deeper sense of guilt over past and present injustice to the Negro than over any other single aspect of national life. But the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey shows that even if that theory is true, it is accepted by only about a fourth (26%) of all whites in the U. S., and by only a third (32%) of all Negroes.

Of course, an opinion about the presence or absence of shame in a large body of people must often rest on sheer guesswork. That is true whenever one man tries to judge other men's feelings. But when the question of shame over the race problem is put aside and the only problem is the fixing of responsibility for it, a man may say what he thinks without weighing his impressions of how his neighbor thinks.

On the question of responsibility, researchers found that most people agree that whites are primarily to blame for the race problem. Only 10% of all whites and 4% of all Negroes say that Negroes are more responsible. The question was put this way: "Who do you think is more to blame for the Negro-White problem as it is today—whites or Negroes?"

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Whites	54%	42%	59%	78%
Equally to blame.....	28	33	26	15
Negroes	8	16	5	3
No opinion.....	10	9	10	4

Even among the whites previously classified as "most prejudiced," only a fourth (25%) of those interviewed would say that Negroes are more to blame.

Is the race problem a more nagging worry for the whites or for the Negroes?

To the Negro, the problem often means a life of frustration and humiliation. One might think that he would worry more about it than whites do. But researchers have found a surprising agreement among whites and Negroes that whites seem

to do more worrying about the race problem. That is the opinion of 52% of those interviewed. Only 19% think that Negroes worry more about it.

You find it illogical that Negroes should worry less about this major problem of their lives than whites do? It may seem less puzzling if you will recall a striking revelation made early in the survey. It was found that Negroes are much more confident than whites that the race problem is being solved. While four Negroes

in every five think we are nearing a solution, only about half of the Northern whites and a third of Southern whites share their optimism.

The tempest of prejudice and resentment assails large numbers of both Negroes and whites in our nation. The Negro is naturally more exposed to its fury. But he is more confident that the storm will pass. From his exposed position he sees, between the scudding, angry clouds, the star of hope.



A FABLE FOR OUR TIMES

A candy shop proprietor in the Bronx one day saw a blue flame pass through his shop, and heard a sharp crack. Suddenly a genie appeared. The candy seller was frightened at first, but the genie was of the genial kind and smiled at him in a most disarming way. The storekeeper relaxed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am a genie," replied the genie.

"So what's a genie?"

"Why, I'm a magical person; I've come to grant you a wish. Isn't there something that you have often wished for?"

"Well, yes," replied the proprietor. "For a long time now I've wished that I could spend a couple of weeks in Hawaii with my wife and two kids, with all expenses paid."

"You shall have your wish," said the genie. "It's as simple as that."

"But who will mind the candy store while we are in Hawaii?" demanded the proprietor.

"I will," the genie replied, and immediately the delighted owner began telling him: "The jelly beans are three for 1¢; peppermint patties go for 2¢ each; bubble gum is 6 for 5¢"; and so on.

Next morning, while the genie was tying on his apron, the first customer appeared. "Make me a chocolate malted," said the customer.

"O.K.," replied the genie, smiling genially. "You're a chocolate malted."

Jerome Beatty, Jr. in *Saturday Review* (1 March '58).



A FEW YEARS AGO our St. Michael's parish in Shrewsbury, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, started a Catholic Information forum. I had always wanted to be instrumental in bringing someone into the Church, so I wrote invitations to six of my immediate neighbors.

It so happened that I was expecting my eighth child, and found it difficult to get around. One night it was raining, and I called the lady who had been going with me, half hoping she didn't wish to go.

That's right, she didn't; her husband had begun to object. She was sorry I'd have to go alone. But she had a friend, a Mrs. Nelson Sorensen, whose sister was a convert.

I called Mrs. Sorensen. Yes, she'd be delighted. I should meet her at the school door; she would be wearing a gray coat and red hat. After 15 minutes she became ill, and had to leave. But the next week we went again. Then I had to drop out, because of my condition. She said she would go alone.

I often wondered whether she did. I got my answer the next Easter Sun-

day, when I saw her and her two children returning from the Communion rail. Now she has six children, all converts except the baby.

Mrs. Charles Brown.

I AM A NATIVE African, and a seminarian in St. Pius X seminary in Natal, South Africa. My father, whom I love and greatly revere, is the founder of a Protestant church; he is not highly educated and circumstances urged him to his undertaking; it is much a question of getting bread.

I attended a Catholic school at Brits, 25 miles north of Pretoria. Our school had good teachers, men strongly convinced in their faith and keen to teach the truth to their pupils. One day, a new priest, Father A. Blais, came to the mission, a white man who loved us Africans heartily. His sincerity touched me; I learned everything I could about the Church; my conscience told me that the Catholic Church is God's Church.

I asked my father's permission to become a Catholic. Of course, he said No. Father Blais consoled me, counseling perseverance. Meanwhile, the desire to be a priest grew in my heart.

I resorted to strategy. "You are a minister in your church," I said to my father. "I also want to be a minister. Of course, I cannot be one in your church since there is only one in it: you. Let me be a Catholic minister."

Tears rolled down my father's cheeks. "All right, my son," he said. I rushed back to the mission. There I was baptized, and soon left for the seminary with a few other Brits boys and Father Blais, who had been made its rector.

Thomas Ranuga.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Peter Grace lives up to a legend

*To maintain it, he had to
learn to fight on his own*

IT WAS A BITTERLY COLD Christmas eve on Lake Titicaca on the high plateau of the Andes mountains. A little group of shivering travelers came aboard the steamer that crosses the lake from the Bolivian side to Puno on the Peruvian side.

Among them was Father John O'Hara, a priest who had come from the U.S. as a delegate to a Pan-American conference. With him was a young companion he had met on the ship coming down. The two had become fast friends, and the priest had invited the young man to join him on his travels around South America.

The young man was Joseph Peter Grace, Jr., aged 24, recently out of Yale. He had more than an ordinary tourist's reason for his journey. He was heir apparent to a huge company, W. R. Grace & Co., that had been founded in Peru a century before. The founder, Peter's grandfather, had been an almost legendary figure, a colorful Irishman whose ex-



ploits had won him a fortune, important friends, political success. Naturally, Peter was curious about every aspect of South America, where the romantic history of the company had begun.

The young man was not much affected by the 12,500-foot altitude. Father O'Hara, however, was miserable, bleeding from the ears and faint, but he insisted on continuing his journey. At dawn he said Mass aboard the ship. Then he and Peter landed at Puno on Christmas morning.

The church at Puno was unlike anything Peter had ever seen. It was filled not only with Indian women in bright skirts and men in the heavy woolen suits and blankets of the locality, but also with llamas, sheep, and goats, who crowded in with their masters. And the children!

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. March, 1958. © 1958, and reprinted with permission.

From the far reaches of the plateau and the hills beyond, they had come down to the city to see the crib and to present their humble offerings, some only bundles of colored straw.

Their eager faces shone in the candlelight as Father O'Hara spoke to them in their own language. For the first time, Peter got an inkling of what religion meant to poor people far from the sophisticated world he himself had known.

He was deeply impressed. Ever since that day he has retained his deep admiration for the priest, who is now Archbishop O'Hara of Philadelphia. He has retained, too, a memory of the children of Puno that has affected many of his decisions since he took over management of the far-flung Grace industrial empire.

Like many crown princes in family firms, Peter began his career by circulating through a series of less important jobs to get a broad understanding of the company he would head. He was insatiably curious. He devoured old letters and memos from the files and made a nuisance of himself asking questions. The activities of the firm were more entertaining to him than an adventure story.

Business was always a kind of adventure, Peter learned, to the man who started the Grace company, William Russell Grace. He was born in the village of Ballylinan, Ireland. He left the country as a boy and sailed with his father to Callao, on

the coast of Peru, after the Irish potato famine of 1846. The lad had already seen something of the world, for he had run away to sea when he was 13. In Peru he got a job as clerk in a ship-supply firm.

In those days, the chief export of Peru was guano, a natural bird-droppings fertilizer that covered a group of rocky islands off the coast. Ships from all over the world were engaged in the guano trade.

Billy Grace had an idea. Instead of waiting for the ships to put into port for supplies, he stocked an old barge with goods and towed it out to where the ships were anchored off the island. There he did a thriving business with no competition. Ideas like that made him a partner in the company at the age of 23, and before he was 30 he had made a fortune.

As his business prospered, Grace invested his profits in other enterprises in Peru and neighboring countries—railways, sugar and rubber plantations, nitrates. He traveled widely, establishing the basic contacts that are still important to his firm's success.

In 1865 Grace decided to enlarge his horizons. He had married the daughter of a Maine ship captain and had visited the U.S. It occurred to him that a profitable business could be built around three-way trade between the U. S., Europe, and South America.

Leaving his younger brother in charge of the South American operations, W. R. Grace went to New

York and rented offices in India House, on Hanover Square in the financial district. Soon the ships he had chartered or built were familiar sights in the world's ports, and the foundation of the Grace shipping line was established.

When W. R. Grace died in 1904, first his brother and then his son, James Peter Grace, Sr., continued to invest in South America, often in partnership with local capital. After the 1st World War, industrialization began to change the economy of the Latin countries. The Grace company shifted emphasis from raw materials to production: textile mills, sugar refineries, small manufacturing plants, in keeping with the times. Foreseeing how important air transport could be in linking North and South America, the Grace firm helped to found the pioneer air line, Panagra.

Peter was only 32 when he stepped into the presidency. Like his grandfather, he was a man of large ideas. "It's not hard to carry on something," Peter likes to say now. "But to start something new: that's hard." The war over, he felt that it was time to start something new.

He turned to the domestic U.S. scene for opportunities to diversify. The chemical industry appealed to him as one that seemed destined for tremendous growth.

The Grace firm had been in chemicals in a small way ever since 1907, when a little fertilizer-mixing business had been started in California. Peter acquired two other companies

active in the fertilizer business. Then he added a company known for special industrial chemicals. Along with the new acquisitions, a separate subsidiary, Grace Chemical, was organized to build a \$20 million plant in Memphis, Tenn.

Today over half the company's fixed assets are in chemicals. Peter, who used to be known in this country only as the head of the Grace Line, is an important figure in the chemical industry. Among the company's products are plastics, sealing compounds, paints, insecticides, catalysts for oil refining, dehydrating agents. Grace's chemical plants have sprouted in Canada, Europe, and Australia. The opportunities of the atomic age have not been overlooked, either: the company will make purified uranium and thorium for atomic reactors.

Shipping has grown, too. The Grace Line continues to add passenger ships and freighters. Its fleet now totals 35 ships. Meanwhile, Grace has become part owner of the Gulf and South American Steamship Co., operating out of New Orleans.

The Grace National Bank of New York, dating back to 1915, has \$173 million in deposits. A large outdoor advertising company on the West Coast has been one of Peter's most successful diversification ideas. The company also has a majority interest in an insurance brokerage. And, not afraid of new ventures that involve risks, Peter Grace has put considerable cash into a partnership venture

with a major oil company to drill for oil in the Libyan desert.

Success in business is only part of the legend that Peter Grace has to live up to. Grandfather W. R. Grace and Peter's father left a tradition of interest in various Catholic institutions that Peter has carried on with enthusiasm ever since his Christmas visit to Puno.

One of W. R. Grace's creations, the Grace Institute, founded in 1897, turned out to have unexpected significance for his grandson.

Grace Institute was originally intended as a place where girls from poor or immigrant families could be trained in domestic and clerical work. In the 1890's the wages of most women who had to work were very low. With a little training they could do better. W. R. Grace donated \$200,000 to start the school and bought an old mansion on W. 60th St.

The Sisters of Charity took charge. When it was opened, Grace Institute taught housekeeping, laundering, dressmaking, millinery, typewriting, stenography, and the English language. Students who could afford it paid 5¢ or 10¢ a lesson, but others were admitted free. Over the years, as women won more acceptance in the business world, the school gradually substituted bookkeeping and other business courses for the domestic arts.

One of the graduates of the institute in 1939 was a pretty young lady named Margaret Fennelly. Her

father was ill with tuberculosis and unable to work, and Margie hoped to help support the family. A priest in the neighborhood where she lived offered her temporary work when she finished her courses. He knew that W. R. Grace & Co. often filled vacancies in its offices with Grace Institute graduates, and he soon sent her down to Grace headquarters with a note to Peter Grace.

The personnel department had some doubts about the young lady; she looked far too frail to work steadily. But when Peter Grace saw her he was attracted by her sweet manner and determined to give her a chance. He made a place for her in his own office. Two years later, they were married.

There are now eight children in the lively household. Peter is grateful that all of them can attend parochial schools, a privilege that he himself never enjoyed. "I came to realize how much I had missed," he says. "I thought about the children at Puno. They had a firm foundation that gave them peace and satisfaction no matter what troubles they faced. A religious education seems to me more important than ever today, in the face of the empty materialism that prevails in so much of the world."

Peter is an active member of the Greater New York coordinating committee on released time, an interfaith group that promotes the policy of providing released time during school hours for instruction in religion.

The Grace family enjoys doing things together. With the older boys, Peter plays baseball, and at their Florida home the boys and their dad go fishing and bicycling. In the winter there is skiing, and the boys are beginning to show an interest in one of Peter's favorite sports, hockey. In the summer the family goes to Maine, where Peter and the children sail and fish. On a 5,000-acre farm in South Carolina, they ride horseback.

Sports, Peter believes, have a value above their contribution to health and mental relaxation. He is particularly interested in the sports programs of the Catholic Youth Organization of New York, of which he is president.

"Sports develop an individual's

strength of character," he says. "They meant a lot to me. I was brought up in a somewhat artificial atmosphere. I never had to exert myself for anything as a child. But when I tried out for the hockey team at school, I found that my name and money didn't mean a thing. I was on my own. I had to fight for a place. Later on, I played baseball, and there it was the same thing. I couldn't have become a success in business, I believe, without the experience of learning to stand on my own ability, to fight on my own."

The present \$164 million structure of W. R. Grace & Co. is a measure of Peter's ability to fight on his own. The task of carrying on his grandfather's legend seems to be in safe hands.

✕

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

On the window of a music shop in San Francisco: "Out to lunch. Usually Bach by one. Offenbach earlier."

The Houston Post (22 Feb. '58).

✕

On the back of a delivery truck owned by a window-shade company in Kansas City, Mo.: "This vehicle is operated by a blind man."

Albert Stewart.

✕

Beside a highway in Florida: "Keep Florida green. Bring money."

Wall St. Journal (20 Nov. '57).

✕

On a placard carried by a man down a Los Angeles street: "Have sign, will picket."

Morris Bender.

✕

On a brownstone front in Greenwich Village: "One-room apartment. No bath. Suitable for artist."

Mrs. S. Lee.

✕

On a beauty parlor in Texas: "If your hair isn't becoming to you, you should be coming to us."

Don C. Mainprize.

God the Father in Sacred Art

*He should be represented only
by true Scriptural analogy*

IF YOU EVER have felt uneasy about pictures of God the Father as an old man with a beard, don't blame yourself. The pictures may have been wrong, not you.

There is a good explanation for

Figure 1. The Creator in the Image of his Son. God the Father, with an architect's compass, designs the universe. An illustration from a 13th-century Bible.



your uneasiness. God is not an old man. He is a pure spirit. Picturing Him as an old man does not tell us anything useful about Him.

There are many other ways to symbolize the Father. This collection of pictures shows some of those suggested by the Bible, which is full of significant poetic images of God and his attributes.

One of the oldest ways to represent the Father is with the features of Christ, as in figure 1. This symbolism came naturally to medieval artists familiar with Scripture, for "by the word of the Lord, the heavens were established; and all the power of them by the spirit of his mouth" (Psalm 32).

So it is in the figure of Christ that we see the Father creating the heavens and the earth. The divine Architect, compass in hand, is marking out the pattern of his pre-Copernican universe. The sun travels with the moon in the dark heavens around earth. Surrounding all is the chaotic ocean of potentiality, a philosophical idea of the "might-have-been," con-

*Collegeville, Minn. February, 1958. © 1958 by the Liturgical Press, and reprinted with permission. Portions of the article appeared in the "Catholic Art Quarterly," 52 Thames St., Newport, R.I. Easter, 1958.

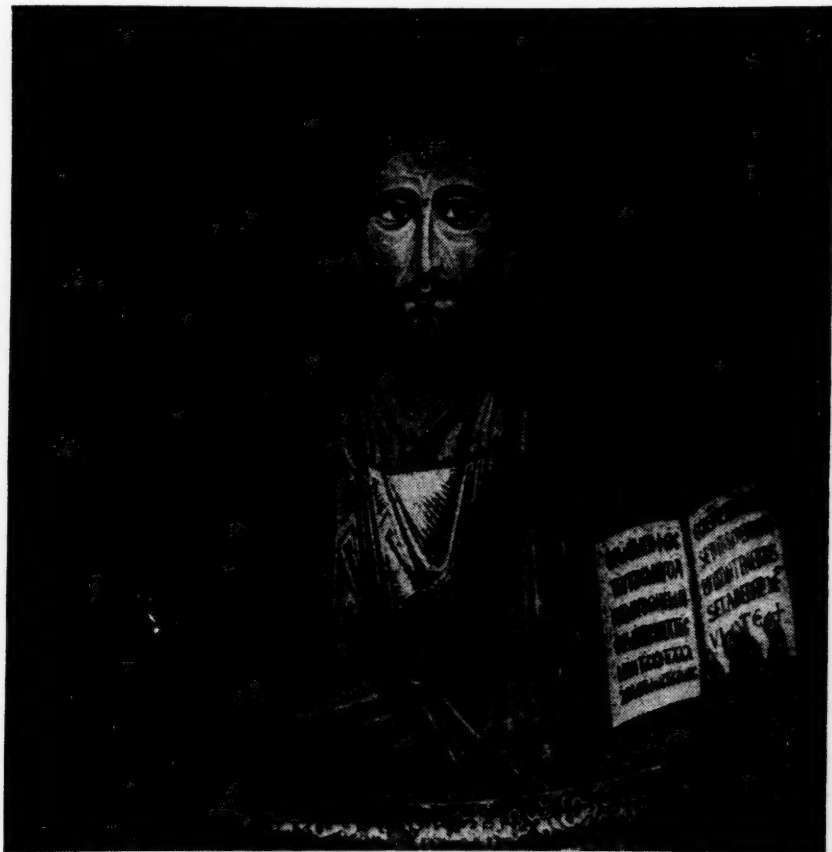


Figure 2. The Pantocrator. As "All-ruler," no less than as Creator, Christ represents the fullness of the Trinity. This great mosaic was designed in the 12th century for the Norman cathedral of Cefalù, on the northern coast of Sicily.

trasted with the "here-and-now" of the actual world that God's Word has created.

Figure 2, with the huge majestic image of the Pantocrator that gently dominates the cathedral of Cefalù in Sicily, is perhaps the most beautiful mosaic in the history of Christian art.

Pantocrator is a Greek word meaning "all-ruler." By his birth in Bethlehem, God has become visible to us. As Ruler then, no less than as Creator, this image of Christ represents the fullness of the Trinity. Christ Himself assured us, "Who sees Me sees also the Father."



Figure 3. *The Trinity*. This way of symbolizing the Trinity was forbidden by Pope Urban VIII in 1628. A 16th-century print.

Over the centuries artists gradually lost sight of this way of portraying God. When a popular devotion to the Trinity began to sweep over Europe in the 14th century, ingenious draftsmen competed for novel ways to represent the mystery, and soon their ideas got out of hand. Painters fell into extremes. They attempted at first to show the Trinity by three separate figures, then by a single figure with three heads, or even by a single head with three faces.

Figure 3 shows one of these latter on a popular print made in the early days of the printing press. At last, in 1628, these monstrous images were forbidden by Pope Urban VIII. No longer could the Holy Ghost be

shown as a human body. Unfortunately, this ban was not immediately applied to the figure of the Father. So to this day artists inherit and still continue to repeat the same equivocal symbol of the old man with the white beard.

If this symbol is misleading, what should be used in its place?

The Father and the Spirit are described in Scripture only by analogy. That is how they should be portrayed, then—by analogy. The Son alone should be depicted in human bodily form: Himself the symbol and the Sacrament.

The hand is probably the most expressive analogy of the Father. "The right hand of the Lord hath wrought strength; the right hand of the Lord hath exalted me." "The souls of the just are in the hand of God." "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God." "Thou openest thy hand and fillest every living creature with thy blessings."

As Gregorian chant gives musical expression to the words of Scripture, so sacred art speaks these words in a visual way. How closely it can do so, you can see in the next series of pictures.

First we go to Hildesheim, Germany, where St. Berward was bishop at the beginning of the 11th century. He ordered the famous bronze doors in figure 4 to be made for his cathedral. In the top panel you can plainly see the "right hand" of the Lord who "looked down with favor" upon the sacrifice of Abel, shown at the left

offering his lamb. Cain, at the right, offers a sheaf.

In the bottom panel, the hand is as "the face of the Lord . . . turned

against those who do evil." At the left, Cain is cowering in shame, while at the right we see a flash back to his murder of his brother.

Figure 4. Cain and Abel. In the top panel, God's hand shines forth from the sun to show favor to Abel's sacrifice. In the bottom, from a thundercloud, it condemns Cain's crime. From the doors of the cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany.





Figure 5. *The Crown of Victory. The hand of God bestows the laurel wreath upon his Son. The apse mosaic in the Church of San Clemente, Rome.*

Now let's go to Rome, to the ancient Church of San Clemente. Figure 5 is a part of the apse mosaic.

Coming through the clouds a hand is bestowing a crown upon Christ. Laurels, flowers, and a precious jewel indicate that it is the crown of victory.

The Greeks and Romans used to award laurel wreaths to great men. Here God the Father gives the laurel wreath of victory to Christ dying on the cross.

Next, skipping halfway across the world, is figure 6, a picture I painted myself. It is in the baptistry of an old Spanish church in Central America.

Since in Baptism we are reborn in Christ, the padre wanted me to paint subjects related to birth. My first picture was Creation, the birth of the universe.

"The heavens the work of thy

Figure 6. *The Sustaining Hand of God. The Creator holds the work of his hands. A fresco by Adé Bethune in St. Joachim's church, Bacalar, Mexico.*



hands." To show the Creator, I thus painted a large golden hand, surrounded with his works: light, water, earth, heavenly bodies, animals. Right in the middle of the Father's sustaining hand are Adam and Eve.

The picture was painted directly on fresh plaster. This is one of the most permanent techniques known, but also an exacting one. There is no erasing or covering up in fresco. You must work fast, before the plaster dries. In this case the picture had to be finished in about two hours.

Scripture suggests other ways of representing God, too. One of the most unusual is shown in figure 7, a carving on the end of an ancient white marble coffin. The subtle symbolism of this decoration is believed to represent the Baptism of Christ.

When John baptized Christ, a voice like thunder was heard to say, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The Father's voice is here symbolized as a lion's head. "Like as the lion roareth," says Isaiah. "The lion is come up," speaks Jeremiah. And "He shall roar as a lion," echoes another of the prophets, Osee.

These are only a few of the many interesting images of our heavenly Father. Although they are only symbolic, they are true and Scriptural. This makes them greatly superior to the "old man with a white beard," a symbol which rings just as false as

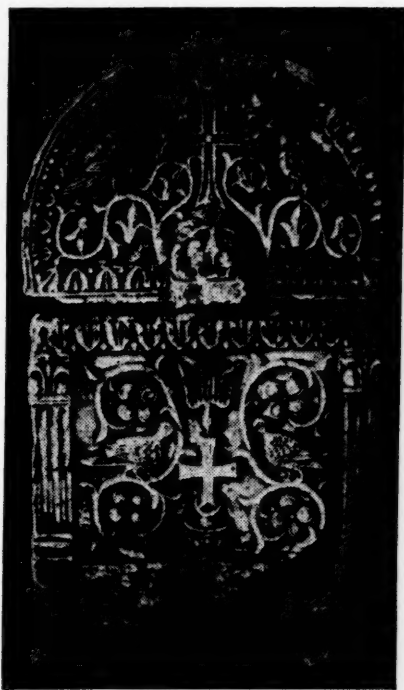


Figure 7. *The Baptism of Christ. The lion's head symbolizes the Father's thundering voice; the dove, the Holy Ghost; the cross, Christ; and the chalice, the River Jordan. A 6th-century sarcophagus in the Church of San Apollinare in Classe, Ravenna, Italy.*

the expression "the Man upstairs." God is a pure spirit, infinitely perfect, and no man has ever seen Him, except in his eternal Word, Christ Jesus our Lord.

Most of our suspicions of others are derived from an accurate knowledge of ourselves.

Raymond Massey.

Children Are Different

*He isn't a "little man" and
nothing can make him one*



A MEDICAL STUDENT is usually in for a shock when he examines a child patient for the first time. He has spent long hours making adult physical examinations, learning to diagnose disease. Then he goes over to the children's ward.

His first patient, Johnny Smith, is nine months old, a nice economy-sized patient for a change. Johnny lies on the table gurgling and cooing, the attending nurse's finger clutched in his little hand.

The student applies his stethoscope and looks up in dismay. Johnny's heart is registering an alarming 135 beats a minute. Until now the student has seen such a fast pulse only in patients with the worst of infectious fevers.

The child is breathing 35 times a minute. The student has thought 16 normal. Anyone breathing so fast should be in some kind of distress, but the expression on Johnny's face is one of contentment.

Everything seems wrong, yet Johnny Smith is a perfectly healthy child.

His heart beats the right number of times for a fellow his age, and everything else is as it should be. For Johnny is a child, not a pint-sized adult.

There are so many dissimilarities between children and grownups that sometimes the two seem like altogether different kinds of living beings. Some diseases which are deadly for adults, for instance, wouldn't bother Johnny so much; but some of the little upsets an adult would hardly notice could threaten Johnny's life.

Medically speaking, up to one year Johnny is an "infant." In his second year he is a "baby." Up to the age of six, the term for him is "young child," and from six to 14 he is an "older child." Until 14 he is "growing up"; at that age, roughly, he begins the process of becoming an adult.

In the children's wards, the medical student can see many amazing

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. February, 1958. © 1958 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

things. He sees infants who are very ill because they got a few ounces too much of this or that in their diet. He sees a baby with a chest full of pus get perfectly well in a couple of days. (In an adult such a condition usually proves fatal.)

A young child who has fallen headfirst from a window onto a metal roof two stories below is happy with his toys the next day. In children, the worst types of pneumonia may last only a few days, and complications are rare. An entire half a brain is removed surgically, and a paralyzed, mentally deficient child picks up in intelligence, and begins to use his muscles.

A child recovers so quickly from pneumonia because his flexible blood circulation system can withstand attacks better than the rigid circulation system of an adult. A child's skull is soft and elastic and can withstand falls much better than an adult's hard skull.

How can the removal of half a baby brain, instead of making things worse, increase intelligence and bring back power in paralyzed muscles? One half of the brain was diseased, and the diseased half was interfering with the function of the whole brain and nervous system. With the defective half removed, the remaining healthy half uses its extra undeveloped cells to take over the functions of the missing portion. Only in children are such surgical wonders possible.

The greatest natural athletes in

the world are children. Parents know what it's like to try to keep up with their endless physical activity. Tommy, aged 11, plays ball in the hot summer sun from morning until dusk, and begs to be allowed to play more games after dark. Janet, aged nine, jumps rope for hours, and comes home reluctantly when called to meals.

After exercise, children's blood pressure, pulse, and respiration rate return to normal in a fraction of the time a healthy adult would need. The warming-up period athletes need before a contest is not necessary for children. They are always physiologically ready for great physical stress.

Because the warmth-regulating center in a child's brain is not completely developed yet, great changes in temperature hardly faze children. They can speedily adapt to either freezing cold or torrid heat with comparatively little discomfort.

After injuries, children's wounds heal faster. Recuperation from shock is quicker. Fevers drop faster. Response to medication is prompter.

Broken bones knit in less than half the time it takes for adult bones, and without residual defects. A child's fractured leg can be strapped for weeks in the best possible position to heal, with the patient lying flat on his back and his foot extended in a frame rigged directly above. (An adult couldn't tolerate such a posture more than 20 minutes.)

Loss of large amounts of blood

from injuries sometimes causes a severe condition called "secondary anemia." A child's flexible blood-building apparatus replaces the lost blood in a few days; for an adult it can take a dangerously long time.

Having a tooth pulled is a painful event in an adult's life. He may not get over it for many days; meanwhile, his jaw aches and chewing is uncomfortable. When a child has a tooth pulled, the bleeding stops quickly; he eats a normal meal 30 minutes later, and forgets the whole thing in an hour.

The elastic, growing lenses of younger eyes allow children to observe moving objects, like television or outdoor spectacles, indefinitely. The resilience of their hearing apparatus allows them to listen longer, too. And an opera star would envy the voice power and sturdy lungs of a child, who can talk, sing, or cry with all its might, all day long.

Children's skin is softer, bathed in more abundant sebum from the skin glands; their muscles and ligaments are more elastic, their mental reactions quicker, their phantasies richer, their emotional spontaneity greater than an adult's. And as the child reaches puberty, around 14 years of age, his natural health and physiological efficiency reach their peak.

But woe to the infant, baby, or child, if something goes wrong with his nourishment! His kidneys are not able to work well enough yet to keep fluids concentrated in the

blood. If an infant does not get just the right proportions of salts and starches and fluids in his diet, or if he loses extra water from diarrhea, his cells dry out, and he will get a fever and be terribly sick.

Almost everything in a child's life revolves around two words: *growth* and *development*. A child has to grow to live. His whole life force is devoted to *becoming* something, to getting formed, to reaching the goal of being grown up, without stopping on the way.

A child's muscle reflexes are different from an adult's because certain parts of the nerve fibers haven't developed insulating sheaths. That staring expression of uncritical wonder on the baby's face is no accident. Johnny is busy developing mentally, too. He is collecting impressions of the world and forming his points of view.

Psychiatrists say that a child develops into either a criminal or an adjusted member of society from the very beginning, out of the first experiences he has of the world, not suddenly in later life. They stress the enormous importance of the first experiences at the mother's breast, pointing out that the child takes in not only milk but also warmth and love and security. They say that if a child is frustrated too often at the mother's breast, he may well develop into a frustrated adult. Personality and character develop in the early years just as surely as arms and legs.

Some children get over conditions

of retarded development quickly, when the nurses and attendants are patient and affectionate. On the other hand, some children perish in the hospital when there is no love waiting for them at home.

Childhood illnesses must usually be diagnosed without oral help from the patient. In diagnosing appendicitis, for example, no matter which part of the baby's abdomen the doctor presses, if the baby feels bad he will cry, and the physician cannot locate the pain exactly.

A baby's skin, however, can often show the doctor what words can't tell. In practically every disease that affects the skin in any way, the young reactive skin will show more signs to help the doctor make his diagnosis than the adult skin. Usually he will find special rashes or bumps in key places.

There is one skin quality which is always a good indicator of a baby's health: how soft and elastic the skin feels to the examiner's hands. This quality is called turgor; it indicates how much water the cells contain.

Baby's fresh, smooth skin is just the opposite of the dry, brittle skin of a very old person. The cells in a healthy baby's skin should be almost bursting with water, so the physician will regard turgor as the best general indicator of a baby's health. To him it means more than growth measurements, appetite, or laboratory tests.

One of the most interesting differences between children and adults

can be found in the brain and spinal cord. The baby has almost as much gray matter, or brain cells, as the adult, but the white matter, or connecting pathways between cells, is very poorly developed in comparison. It is as if, in a radio, all the tubes and amplifiers and transformers and current were there, but the wires had not been connected yet.

In a child, it is more a question of the insulating sheaths around the wires. These insulating sheaths around the long nerve fibers connecting up the gray matter develop slowly in the infant and child; and as they develop, the child becomes capable of performing more and more physical and mental activities.

The slow development of these nerve sheaths explains much about the child's behavior. He twists and fidgets more than an adult partly because the nerves controlling the child's muscles are not working in a coordinated way.

Before these sheaths are built up the infant can perform scarcely any act of his own willing. Almost everything he does is "reflex." If he is too hot or cold, or gets pinched on the leg, he can only cry. He can't yet move his legs away from the pinching hand.

As the nerve fibers acquire their insulating sheaths, he gets to control his muscles and learns to crawl and walk. But nerve development alone is not enough. For him to walk, it is necessary that his spine grow straight first, to support his erect body. And

his vision and sense of balance must have developed, too.

In the early Renaissance, artists painted children to look like miniature adults. The "Madonna and Child" pictures of those days look more like "Madonna and Very Small

Man." Later, the artists learned to represent children as subjects quite different from adults, as persons very special in their own right. Which is what children are. And it will be better for them, and for us, when we all realize it.

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 49)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1. laconic (la-kon'ik) | c) Saying much in few words; after ancient Greek city known for concise speech (Laconia). |
| 2. currant (kur'ant) | e) Particular kind of grape named for Grecian city (Corinth). |
| 3. alabaster (al'a-bas-ter) | g) White marble-like substance possibly named after city of Alabastros. |
| 4. lansdowne (lanz'down) | a) Finely woven silk and wool named for an English town (Lansdowne). |
| 5. limerick (lim'er-ik) | f) Five-line nonsense poem named for county of Ireland (Limerick). |
| 6. Sybarite (sib'a-rite) | h) A pleasure seeker; after ancient Greek city in Sicily famed as a center of pagan luxury (Sybaris). |
| 7. italics (i-tal'iks) | k) Slanted type named for country in which first used (Italy). |
| 8. sardonic (sar-don'ik) | j) Bitterly scornful; sarcastic; possibly after plant growing on the island of Sardinia whose taste supposedly caused facial distortions. |
| 9. gasconade (gas-kon-aid') | i) Blustering talk; after inhabitants of a French province made famous by their boasting (Gascony). |
| 10. canter (kan'ter) | b) Easy gallop; after pace of pilgrims who rode to Canterbury. |
| 11. port (port) | l) Sweet wine named for Portuguese city of Oporto (now Porto). |
| 12. marathon (mar'a-thon) | d) Any endurance contest; a long-distance race; after reputed feat of a Greek who ran from Marathon to Athens to report victory. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: When a mother is giving birth to a child and medical science clearly sees that both cannot be saved, why does your faith insist that the baby be spared at the expense of the mother? Even if the mother has other children who need her and a husband who needs her, he is forced to be left with still another child and no helpmate to help him with the raising of the family. This law of the Church does not make sense to me nor have I been able to find justification in the Bible for it. I should like to know on what authority or reason this law is based that gives the right to say which life should be spared.

Mrs. W. R. Irwin.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

Such a law would make no sense to me either, Mrs. Irwin. The Church has no such law. She

couldn't have, because no human being has the right to say which should be spared—mother or child—if in saying it he would also decide which should die. No man has the right to say when another innocent human being must die, and no right to make him die. This is murder, and the Church is opposed to murder.

It may surprise you that I simply reject your whole dilemma and refuse to squirm between the horns of it. The false suppositions upon which your question is based are often proposed to us; evidently they are widespread. And certain bigots have done a disservice to truth by spreading them wider (cf. Blanshard, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, Ch. 6, especially p. 111).

The Pope certainly is a better authority on Catholic laws and teachings than Paul Blanshard. In November, 1951, Pius XII gave a talk to the National Congress of the Family Front, in which he said: "Never and in no case has the Church taught that the life of the child must be preferred to that of the mother. It is wrong to put the ques-

tion with this alternative: either the life of the child or that of the mother. No, neither the life of the mother nor that of the child can be subjected to an act of direct suppression. In the one case as in the other, there can be but one obligation: to make every effort to save the lives of both, of the mother and of the child."

Yes, you will say, but suppose it is simply not possible to save the lives of both? You can save only one. Then what? Well, save the one you can. The Church will not argue with you. She simply reminds you that you must not murder either one in order to save the other.

Catholics are not monsters. They are thoroughly human, with feelings strongly akin to your own. That goes for the hierarchy as well as the laity. It is even true of moralists. In making our judgments as Catholics we do try to keep reason paramount, not too much swayed by sentiment; and we do try to keep the supernatural in mind, so that our judgments will not be based entirely on practical worldly arguments, without regard to God and eternity. We are alerted to avoid the pragmatic easy way out, which would discard principle and stick to the expeditious.

However, that does not mean that we lose sight of human, natural values, or that our attitudes are not often influenced by emotions. A Catholic doctor treating an endangered mother, or a Catholic moralist standing by his side, will be strongly aware of the necessary place this

mother holds in her family, in the love of her husband, and the needs of her children. Hers is a developed personality, with strings of attachment firm and intimate. Her death would be a great human loss, and a great spiritual loss to those who remain, as far as we can determine. Without her love and help it will be much harder for her husband and children to get to heaven.

The Catholic doctor should discard his caduceus if he does a bit less than he rightly can to save this mother. He would be trying to play the part of God if he were to decide that she should die, even to save a thousand babies. But he would be playing God with equal presumption if he were to decide that her baby must die, and then personally see that it does. A doctor may not do murder even to save life, no matter how precious the life.

It may happen that the doctor will decide in desperation that he simply cannot save them both, either because he cannot do two things at once, or because he must do things to save the mother which will result in harm to the baby. In that case, I am sure that any worthy conscientious doctor will devote himself unremittingly to the care of the mother, doing what he can for the baby, on the side. He would like to save it, but he can't. He tries as much as he can, but he knows he is helpless. He lets it die. And the moralist who stands beside him, if he is sane and orthodox, will offer no criticism.

On the other hand, I cannot imagine any doctor, Catholic or pagan, deliberately neglecting the mother in order to save the baby. In the scale of human values the mother comes first, by a long way; and the Church has no argument about it. She simply reminds the doctor, in his concentrated professional devotion to the mother, not to forget the 5th Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." She encourages him in the use of every available proper means to save the mother and prays that he will succeed; but she advises him not to do anything morally wrong to accomplish that purpose. The end never justifies the means. You may not do evil that good may come of it. Even an enormous good result does not excuse a tiny evil done to attain it.

So far, Mrs. Irwin, I have concentrated on one false presumption of your question: namely, that the Church has a law requiring that mothers be destroyed to save babies. But there is another presumption which is about 99% false in these days of modern medicine. You suppose that doctors go around in daily debate over the question: mother or child, which shall it be? From what I hear, the skilled obstetrician in a modern hospital rarely sees the question in that light at all.

There are two ways in which a baby might be destroyed in order to aid or save its mother. 1. The more common, would be by abortion. 2. The other would be by a destructive

procedure at time of delivery: craniotomy is the best known.

Abortion is the expulsion of a living fetus from the mother's womb before it is able to live outside the womb. Sometimes this expulsion is spontaneous; we call it a miscarriage, and no question of morality is concerned. But sometimes it is intentional, brought about by some drug, physical interference, or surgical procedure.

In legal and medical thinking two kinds of intentional abortion are distinguished: criminal and therapeutic. Criminal abortion may result from homemade prescriptions or the ministrations of quacks. We are not concerned with them here. Therapeutic abortions are legally performed by doctors to save the life or aid the health of the mother.

Medical science began to accept therapeutic abortions as legitimate procedures about 100 years ago, and until recently they were considered indicated and ethical in many situations, like kidney and heart diseases, tuberculosis, severe diabetes, leukemia, and anemia, in addition to sicknesses resulting directly from pregnancy, like severe vomiting and eclampsia.

At present there is a strong trend to reduce the number of therapeutic abortions. Doctors find that they sometimes produce unhappy results, and that they do nothing to improve the health of the mother. In 1951, at a meeting of the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco, Dr.

Roy J. Heffernan, of Tufts Medical college, said, "Anyone who performs a therapeutic abortion is either ignorant of modern medical methods or unwilling to take the time and effort to apply them."

This same Dr. Heffernan, writing with another obstetrician, Dr. William A. Lynch, in the *Linacre Quarterly* (February, 1952) and the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* (August, 1953), said that in the preceding 35 years there had been a great change of attitude among doctors with regard to the deliberate interruption of pregnancy. They have come to realize that no more mothers die in Catholic hospitals than in non-Catholic hospitals. "Of special interest is the fact that the maternal mortality rates in the hospitals performing therapeutic abortions, while excellent, were not better than those in the hospitals wherein no therapeutic abortions were performed. In fact, a few more mothers died in the hospitals allowing therapeutic abortions.

"Science is at last catching up, so to speak, with ethics. Following bitter experiences, the advocates of therapeutic abortion have, in the past twenty years particularly, consistently narrowed down what they felt were proper indications for this procedure."

He then goes on to show how therapeutic abortions actually increased the death rate in some cases. "As therapeutic abortion involves the direct destruction of human life, it is

contrary to all the rules and traditions of good medical practice. From the very beginning, the approach to the problem has been unscientific. In too many cases it was learned, after innumerable babies had been sacrificed, that interruption of the pregnancy not only caused 100% fetal loss but also increased the maternal mortality."

Margaret Hague Maternity hospital in Jersey City, one of the best-known in the country, has less than one therapeutic abortion in 16,000 admissions; and the surgeon-in-chief of Boston City hospital's obstetric and gynecological service reported in 1951 that his hospital had not had a therapeutic abortion since 1923, and that during those 28 years they had not had one mother die from any condition which might have been benefited by such abortion.

Dr. Joseph L. McGoldrick, writing in the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* (February, 1948), sums up the answer to your question as follows. "The mother-or-child dilemma is a relic of the early days of obstetrics. If it is talked about today by any medical men, it is only by those whose training and experience evidently do not qualify them to perform modern obstetrics." He then goes on to tell of his own experience in one of the largest hospitals in New York City; more than 3,000 babies are delivered there in a year, and in 20 years of service there he never once encountered the problem of choosing between mother or child.

Mostly we have been talking about abortions, but much the same can be said of destructive procedures still used sometimes in deliveries. A good obstetrician in a modern hospital can avoid them all if he wishes. Some doctors think it unfair to ask a mother to undergo a caesarian operation to deliver a hydrocephalic child which, while awaiting early death, will break the mother's heart and the father's purse with its deficiencies and needs for care. Craniotomy is easier. But even these doctors now know that there are other procedures which are ethically acceptable. And in any case, it would be most rare, if ever, that the life of the mother would be at issue, and that the child would have to be sacrificed to save her.

Until I got started on the subject, Mrs. Irwin, I had not intended to write so much about the medical aspects of this subject. I merely want to show that the supposition upon which your question is based is mostly hypothetical, or at least old-fashioned. I am more concerned with setting forth the moral principles on which the Catholic attitude is based.

1. The dignity and sacredness of human life. We believe that each human person has an immortal soul, created directly by God, made in his own image, destined for filial adoption, and called to share God's personal love and happiness forever. This is true of any human being, no matter how young or old, whether

brilliant or defective, whether happily well or hopelessly suffering. For practical purposes, we believe that the tiny human embryo in its mother's womb has this sacred spiritual life, this divinely given soul. It must be respected as God's most personal possession.

2. We believe that the individual has inviolable rights to his life. Unless I am guilty of major crime or engaged in violent unjust attack, no one has the right to kill me. Even organized society, the state, may not take the life of an innocent person directly. We believe that the unborn child has the same right to life as you and I, and that we violate his right when we intentionally terminate that life.

3. We believe that almighty God retains a supreme right and dominion over the life of each individual. You and I have a right to life, but that right is not absolute; we had no part in deciding when our lives would begin, and it is not for us to decide when they will end. We are the caretakers and custodians, with the right to enjoy life and reap its benefits; but we cannot terminate human life, even our own, without usurping the rights and powers of God. Suicide is a terrible sin; it is so final. With our last breath we refuse to submit to God's will or conform to his plan.

So anyone who takes the life of an innocent person violates two rights: that of God and that of the victim. A guilty person may some-

times forfeit his personal right to life, as in violent attack or crime or war. And in such case God may relinquish his rights, so that I may protect my own life from unjust attack, and that our country can protect itself from criminals, traitors, and warring enemies.

4. As already mentioned: you may not do evil even to accomplish a good purpose. So you may not kill a baby even to save its mother's life; and it does not matter how much more valuable you may esteem the mother's life, for personal reasons.

5. This principle is a rather complicated one, but very useful and reasonable: we may sometimes do a good deed to accomplish a good purpose, even though we foresee that our deed will have a bad effect as well as its good one.

Examples are better than explanations. A pregnant mother is found to have cancer of the cervix. The surgeon judges that her uterus must be removed at once if her life is to be saved. Of course, that means that the baby will die. But the surgeon does not directly kill it; he operates to save the mother, not by removing the baby, who is doing her no harm, but by removing a malignant growth which will kill her. She is not saved by the death of the baby; so the surgeon is not doing evil to accomplish good; he is doing good and it has a bad side effect.

A similar mother seems to be bleeding to death from a partially detached placenta. The doctor gives

drugs to contract her blood vessels and stop the hemorrhage; but the same drugs contract the muscles of the uterus also, and an abortion results. The drug has two effects, one good and one bad. The doctor intends the good one (to stop the bleeding) and permits the bad one (the death of the baby). Such procedure is permissible when necessary.

Here is an example in another area. My buddy and I are shipwrecked. We are both trying to cling to a piece of driftwood; but it isn't big enough to keep us both afloat. I am a hero; so I leave the saving driftwood to my pal and swim off into the wild blue yonder to eventual death by drowning.

This is not suicide. I do not wish to drown; I do not directly drown myself. I simply give my driftwood to someone else, an act of love and generosity. I swim away with a faint hope that I may find another lifesaver. It is not by my death that my shipmate is saved. He would survive just as well if I found another raft, or happened to be picked up by a rescue squad.

This final principle, which may seem a bit complicated to the person unfamiliar with it, is very practical in situations where the lives of mother and child are in danger. Very often it is because of this principle that there is no need to choose directly between them. I may never directly kill any innocent person, either child or mother, but if I am

a skilled obstetrician I may often do things which are necessary to save the mother's life, even though they greatly endanger the child's life or will certainly result in the child's death. And such procedures are fairly numerous and frequently used in Catholic hospitals and by Catholic doctors, with full approval of Catholic moralists.

So you see, the Church never sides with the child against the mother; she doesn't take sides. She just reminds us that we are not allowed to commit murder.

Now, Mrs. Irwin, it may be that I have not explained this final principle very well. It is a bit technical and complicated, but very clear and definite to the moralist who is used to it. And it is very important. It permits a doctor to save a mother's life without violating the first four prin-

ciples. It safeguards the fundamental right of an innocent man to his life, and the supreme power of God over all life. It permits us, in some extreme circumstances, to allow a child to die, when we cannot reasonably prevent it; but forbids us to kill directly.

Suppose that you were once to admit our right to kill directly in limited circumstances. Where would you place the limits? It wouldn't be long until you would be admitting abortion to save a girl's reputation or a family's financial status. Then euthanasia would creep into acceptability. And from there it isn't far to the gas chambers, genocide, and arbitrary extermination. For our own protection let us keep the principle clear and inviolate: no power on earth may directly kill an innocent person.



Birds, heads cocked, eavesdropping on whispering trees. *Phyllis L. Strack*

Hummingbird hands. *Mary C. Dorsey*

Hear-ye of thunder.

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

A gaggle of geese, a giggle of girls.

Mrs. Deane Binder

White clouds sailing like brides across the sky.

Gilbert Cesbron

A voice like a slate pencil.

Gene Fowler

A junction of three roads that had long ago forgotten why they crossed each other.

Henry M. Robinson

Memory expert: woman who has been told another woman's age. *Ruth Stocks*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Father Cyclone

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THE WAR in the Pacific, on the land, air, and water, was in a sense a new kind of war. It called for new machines, new strategy, and above all new types of men. Classic concepts of fighting had to be junked. Men were given dangerous, grueling training on which depended the successful progress of the war and their own chances of survival.

Most astonishing of all to emerge was the new kind of chaplain. He was alert, heroic, prepared to go anywhere the men went, and strong enough to exercise the consoling aspects of his ministry among scenes of horror that broke the toughest soldiers.

One of the most astonishing chaplains in the Pacific was Father Larry Lynch, the subject of this book by Daisy Amoury. Father Lynch was a Redemptorist, a great man for missions and retreats. He had an ecstatic love for Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and an expert's knowledge of languages and souls.

Father Lynch first became a legend in New Caledonia. The island was a staging base for the brilliant series of island hops that were bitter,

costly victories. Air raids were frequent; men trained fiercely and endlessly; everyone was tense. In their short rest periods the men grabbed at any pleasure they could find—anything to relax their tensions, to put a spot of brightness into the steaming days and nights.

Father Lynch arrived in Noumea on Christmas eve, 1943.

His lay assistant was a tough soldier, Sgt. Glenn Kittler. Glenn had great respect for priests and the priestly traditions. Lynch's arrival knocked those ideals into a cocked hat.

Father Lynch played pinochle and a really sharp game of poker. When he went among the men he turned in his collar so that no one could see his chaplain's insignia or rank. It was as if he preferred to see the men as they were, and not as they would have him see them if they knew he was a chaplain. In Kittler's eyes, Father Lynch seemed to be a grandstander, a show-off of the most outrageous kind. He swaggered, was cocky, led with his chin. He spouted the corniest jargon.

Lynch seemed to be everywhere. His sheer impudence carried the day

wherever he went. He delighted in his undignified nickname, Brooklyn.

The very day of his arrival, and against the orders of his commanding officer, Lt. Col. Julius Klein, Lynch squeezed himself into a crash boat rushing to the help of a Liberty ship that had hit a mine. In spite of the heavy seas, Father Larry ran up the rope ladder on the side of the stricken ship and assisted with the wounded until the last moment before she sank. Then, on the way to shore, he consoled the dying, Jew and Gentile, with the prayers dear to them. It was this episode that caused Colonel Klein to refer to him ever afterwards as "my Catholic rabbi."

When Father Lynch decided to conduct a three-day mission in the Noumea Cathedral, Sergeant Kittler scoffed at the idea. He had reason to regret his scoffing. Each day the memos piled up on his desk, driving him frantic with the demands placed on him. Each evening Father Lynch would appear with his needling greeting, "Hya, Champ," which was the prelude to future demands.

The mission was a crazy success. Men from all over the island packed the fine old church and spilled out into the night. Every priest in the command spent endless sweating hours in the confessional.

Father Larry did more than look after his own. Through stealth, craft, and careful planning he enabled the Jewish soldiers to celebrate their high holyday with becoming dignity.

He carried the idea of retreats to the Protestant men and revitalized their prayer services.

When a Negro soldier was falsely accused of knifing a Kanaka after a beer brawl, it was Larry Lynch who evolved the strategy that led to acquittal. The Negro had wanted nothing to do with religion. But before the trial was over Father Lynch had the soldier praying to Our Lady of Perpetual Help as if she had been his own mother.

In the end Glenn Kittler came to venerate Father Lynch. The sergeant was forced to admit that the priest had no other motive for his often outlandish actions than thirst for souls and a love of God.

Father Lynch went on to the invasion of Okinawa. His concern for the men and his confidence in his Lady gave him a coldblooded courage under fire, which was the admiration of all who saw him in action. He was killed on Okinawa, while going to the aid of some wounded men. His death showed his supreme heroism and love, and was entirely in keeping with his life as priest and soldier.

This is a heartwarming, true tale of an outrageously heroic priest. There was in Father Larry something of the same outlandish steel that enabled Francis Xavier to conquer the Orient.

Father Cyclone, published by Julian Messner, Inc., New York City, is priced at \$3.95 (to Catholic Digest Book Club members, \$2.95). See announcement on next page.

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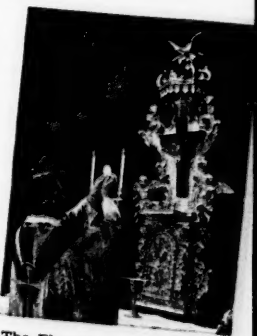
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